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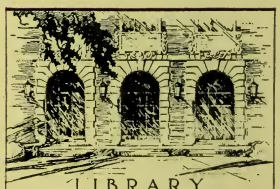
A LIFE FOR AFRICA

By E·C·PARSONS

A BIOGRAPHY OF A·C·GOOD

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BEATRICE SIDNEY

Beatrice Sidney

To Papa
from Hilda
Christmas 1897

"Lives of great men all remind us
We must make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

"So when a good man dies
For years beyond our ken.
The light he leaves behind him, lies
Upon the path of men"

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Yours in Christ,

A. C. Good

A Life for Africa

Rev. Adolphus Clemens Good, Ph. D.

American Missionary in Equatorial West Africa

By

Ellen C. Parsons, M.A.

Editor of "Woman's Work for Woman"

Appendices: (A) Scientific Labors of A. C. Good
By W. J. Holland, LL.D., F.Z.S.
(B) Superstitions of Equatorial Africa
By A. C. Good



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1897

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES
WHO HAVE LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES
IN AFRICA
TO THE GLORY OF OUR ADORABLE
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

PAGE

A Boy's Resolution—Among Pennsylvania Hills—A Typical Community—Getting an Education—Early Christian Influences—Confessing Christ—City Missions—Recollections of the Young Student—Board of Education Incident—Dedication to Africa—Motives for Choosing Africa—Mother's Influence—Ordination—Departure for an Unpopular Field.... 11

CHAPTER II

Arrival at Gaboon—A New World—"Baraka"—Up Gaboon River—Up the Ogowĕ—Off to Corisco Island—Introduction to Fever—Up to Benito—Boat Travel—"He has Come to Stay"—Located—The Odds at Baraka—Training-class—Church—Studying Mpŏngwĕ—Departing Missionaries—Treasurership—Studying French—A Funeral—Furniture—Married on Board a Man-of-war—First Mpŏngwĕ Sermon—Schools Closed by Law—A Jesuit Hand—Moral Condition of the People—First-year Conclusions..... 30

CHAPTER III

Colonial Government—European Scramble for Africa—Conferences with the Commandant—Delicate Position—Plans—Steadily Communicates to the Board—Asks for a French Teacher—Population on Waters of the Gaboon—Preaching in Vernacular Conceded—Plan for Transference of Field—Wants

PAGE

a Definite Policy—Malignant Fever—Joys—Threatening Facts—Annual Report of the Board 54

CHAPTER IV

Ogowĕ River—Removal to Kângwĕ—First Itineration—Fever—Trip to Madeira—School Question—Strife with Jesuits 65

CHAPTER V

Religious Inquiry—Caution—Positiveness—Economy of Mission Funds—Itineration—Overseeing Helpers—A New Official—School Opened—The Ogowĕ in the Rains—Religious Awakening—Communion Seasons—Conversions—Growing Christians—Needs a Colleague—Value and Deficiencies of Bible-readers—Revival Continued—Need of Books—Mission Resolves to Advance into German Territory—Greeting to New Secretary—Education Necessary for the Church to Stand 79

CHAPTER VI

Sunday Letter-writing—Sand-flies—"Getting Demoralized"—On a River Steamer—See-sawing with Commandant—In Bad Humor—Selfish to Want his Wife Back—Sumptuous Fare—Lonely Evenings—Market for Books—Mosquitoes—Weight of Responsibility—Dull Weather—Submits a Grave Question—Encouragement from Far in the Bush—Cleans House—Meets his Family in England—Interviews Officers of French Society—Return to Kângwĕ.... 102

CHAPTER VII

French Protestant Missionaries—Kundt the Explorer—Key-note of New Departure—Harvest from the Great Awakening—Lord's Table in the Bush—Coast Tour—Thinking about Interior—Compared with Hannington—More French Missionaries—At Death's Door—Furlough—Abroad in the Home Church—Service to the Board—Degree Conferred—

PAGE

Mother's Death—Embarks for Africa—Companions—Drunken Captain—Welcomed on the Ogowĕ 117

CHAPTER VIII

Inspection of Field after a Year's Absence—Lights and Shades—A Service by Moonlight—Fear of a Demon—Convincing not Converting—Death of M. Tissot—New Church Organized—Revising New Testament—First Fâng Convert—Trinity Church, Montclair—Fâng Greed—African Imitation—Old Problem of Wages—Must Allow for Growth—Chooses to Await the Lord's Discharge..... 135

CHAPTER IX

An Unwelcome Task—Views on Health Furloughs—At Sierra Leone—In Monrovia—Liberia in General—Methods of Inspection—Subjects Reported on—One Mysterious Man—Temper of Visiting Committee—Good Word for Liberia—Return on Appointed Day 160

CHAPTER X

Reasons for Transfer of Stations—Where to Go?—The Key—Exploring Committee—Again the Old Cry—Yearnings of the Dead—Awaits Orders—Delayed Mail—Leaving Kângwĕ—Serious but Courageous—Exploration Plans—"Emergency against which I shall Provide"—Carriers—The Start—A Forest March—First Bulu Town—Preaching—First Public Prayer—Ndum's Town—Bulu Compared with Fâng—Geographical Inquiry—Copying Manuscript—Lay Missionaries Ought to Vote..... 167

CHAPTER XI

Ignores Excuse for Delay—Second Exploring Journey—Rain—Roads—"Powerful Fetish"—"Small Gun"—Length of Marches—Sites Rejected—Favorable Site for Station—Methods Used with the Bulu—Specimen Sermon—Return to the Coast—Summary of Journey—Written Report—Where the People

PAGE

are—Bulu Language Wide-spread—Bulu Traits—Argument for Locating in Bulu Country—Report Indorsed by Mission—Report Adopted by the Board 184

CHAPTER XII

Animal Pets—Collecting Butterflies—Earthworms—Albino Monkey—Celebrated Cave—African Arithmetic—A Human Fiend—African Justice—Visit to Dwarfs—Salutations, Proverbs, A Bulu Fable 205

CHAPTER XIII

Founding a Station—Bulu Immorality—Efulen—Recruits Arrived—Bark House—Object-lessons—"Terrible" Journey—A Typhoid Patient—Sermon on the Mount in Bulu—Capturing Language—Dealing with a Chief—Separation from Family—Influence of Station—Outside Congregations—Twelve Days' Preaching—A Specimen Hearer—Burden of Responsibility 233

CHAPTER XIV

Making Roads—Building—On the March—Bulu Towns—Woman's Lot—No Old People—Made a Spectacle to Men—Bulu Translation Begun—Committee on Second Station — Ebolowo'e — Heathenism—Mail from America—Influence of the Word—Crude Inquirers—Dr. Good as a Citizen—A Blow at Witchcraft—Night-school—Strides in Translation—A Bulu Proverb 250

CHAPTER XV

Full of Plans—Full of Vigor—Weather Obstacles—Vegetable Garden—Plans Thwarted—Deprecates Leadership—Religious Progress—Arrival of New Missionaries—The Last March—Returns Ill—Death—Burial—Successors—Fruitage 276

APPENDIX A 291

APPENDIX B 299

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF REV. A. C. GOOD, PH.D. . .	*Frontispiece*
MAP OF GABOON AND CORISCO MISSION IN 1882	*To face* 30
ORDINARY CANOE OF THE FRENCH CONGO MISSION HOUSE AT BARAKA . . .	" " 32
CHURCH AT BENITO	. . 64
FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A. C. GOOD .	*To face* 75
FÂNG IDOL OF THE OGOWÉ	. . 78
CHAPEL AT KÂNGWÉ	*To face* 91
MISSION SURF-BOAT	. . 101
CHARACTERISTIC OGOWÉ TOWN . . .	*To face* 111
OGOWÉ RIVER . . . MISSION HOUSE ON KÂNGWÉ HILL	. . " " 134
CARRIERS' STRAP AND BULU CHARM . .	. . 183
BULU NECKLACE	. . 204
DR. GOOD'S HOUSE AT EFULEN BULU TOWN NEAR EFULEN .	. . *To face* 238
SPECIMEN OF LYCOPODIUM FROM EFULEN .	. . 249
HEADS OF BULU WOMEN AT EFULEN PIT-SAW AND WORKMEN . .	. *To face* 250
GROUP OF BULU IN EBOLOWO'E . . .	" " 264
BULU TOWN NEAR ELAT	. . 275
MAP OF THE BULU COUNTRY	. . 316

A LIFE FOR AFRICA

CHAPTER I

Girded when He Knew it Not
1856—1882

UP in a grassy apple-orchard on a western Pennsylvania farm, a curly-headed boy stretched himself, one spring day, and looked off on the panorama of surrounding hills. He knew that fair prospect well. With eyes shut he could see the uplands broadly plaided with alternating fields of winter wheat and plowed land, could point to the dip in the rounded hills where Pine Creek runs, or where the Little Mahoning marks a gap between lines of forest-trees, and Glade Run itself, scarcely beyond ear-shot, babbles across the road between the farm and yonder little borough of

Dayton. But this boy's merry brown eyes were never shut in daylight, and now they were dark with resolution, and his mouth wore an expression of determined purpose.

The orchard was his retreat. With the village boys he went fishing; with his brothers he caught squirrels in the woods and set the trap for fox and mink; but when he went to the top of the orchard he went alone, and there he had thought through many a perplexity under the blue sky, with the winds of heaven blowing round him. To-day he had come again with a mighty question surging through his soul, and to-day it must be settled. When at length, his meditation ended, he sprang to his feet, a frank-faced lad stouter than tall for his sixteen years, his conclusion was fully reached and there was no hesitation in his bearing, as he strode down from under the trees prepared to announce that he "must have an education" and he would "find a way or make one."

The orchard sloped to the south, and on the farther side of the road at its foot was his father's comfortable homestead, with green

yard in front, a Dutch oven and other outbuildings cozily grouped at the rear, and a roomy barn beyond.

Adolphus Clemens Good was born December 19, 1856, in a log house in West Mahoning, and in a log house he had lived till thirteen years old. His father, Abram Good, was of German descent, and had gone with his parents when they pioneered up from Maryland into a remote pocket of the Indiana County hills, Pennsylvania. Scant were Abram Good's opportunities for schooling in that primitive mountain district, and when thirty years old he seized his last chance for a short winter term taught by Hannah Irwin. The spring following he determined to "take the schoolmistress and all." Of five sons born to them, Adolphus was the second; and his one little sister having died, the mother often leaned on his cheerful assistance in milking, churning, and other household tasks.

Abram Good was a Lutheran, like his godly forefathers, and his eldest sons were baptized in a Lutheran church, the only one accessible from the farm. His wife was of Scotch-Irish

ancestry. The Irwins for generations had represented undiluted Presbyterianism, as well as intelligence above the average. So when the Good family removed from their romantic but oppressively quiet farm into Armstrong County, they cast in their lot with Glade Run Church, of which Hannah Irwin's father, Benjamin, was an original member and an elder until his death at a good old age.

This was a typical homogeneous American community. Social simplicity and hard-working thrift were the rule. No flagrant wickedness was heard of, for temperance, order, and religion prevailed. To this day it is unaltered, and fortunate is the city resident to whom it is permitted to fly from the smoke of Pittsburg up the Alleghany Valley in the month of May, and, leaving the railway fifty miles beyond, mount a big wagon behind stout farm-horses and drive twenty miles straight into the heart of the hills. Platoons of violets and low saxifrage escort him, trilliums wave from banks above, redbud and shad-tree brighten the woods, a joyous cascade here and there tumbles down towards

Pine Creek, robins and mocking-birds sing in the tree-tops, and every farm-house is embowered in apple-blossoms, peach, and cherry.

One Lord's day spent in that rural hamlet discloses to the visitor not only what the people are, but what they have been for a hundred years since the first settlers came, following a pack-saddle trail across the mountains. Somewhat chary of speech they are, thinking more than talking, generous in their hospitality, patriotic, inured to hard work, and stanch believers in the Word of God. It is a goodly sight, after "second preaching," to mark the long line of top-buggies and open wagons, grayheads and rosy children together, defiling homeward in every direction up the long hill roads. Looking backward to the plain little church standing on its own height, with evergreens and marbles over three generations of sleepers on the right of it, and to the left the most unpretentious hall of learning one ever saw, you have the material embodiment of the most forceful agent in keeping that community wholesome, intelligent,

and Bible-loving. Pastor Mechlin[1] was also for over thirty years principal of Glade Run Academy, and he was wise in his generation. From its quaint belfry rang out an enticing voice to girls and boys of the farms for miles around. In low, bare recitation-rooms a hundred or more students at a time grappled with geometry and Greek; and in a period of about thirty years, over sixty young men who passed out from the academy preached the gospel in their several denominations, and seven men and women became missionaries to the heathen. When from time to time his "boys" came back from their niches in the wide world, Pastor Mechlin proudly stood them up in pulpit or on platform, and then the village children learned with awe what greatness and eloquence are.

In this environment, in such an atmosphere, Adolphus Good grew up, and, fond of a book in a home where books were rare, always "a good bit like his mother," the schoolmistress, it was inevitable that the hour should come

[1] Rev. George W. Mechlin, D.D., pastor of Glade Run Church thirty-five years; died 1895.

when Learning would beckon to him with her potent finger and become his master passion. There was no Christian motive in his decision that spring day, but he was *girded when he knew it not.* The boy who would "find a way or make one" from farm to college would one day cut a path into unmitigated savagery in Equatorial Africa, and push the frontier of civilization a step forward there. He more than half suspected that his independent decision would not meet a warm response. His mother might ponder these things in her heart; but for the father to part ways with his son, one whose activity matched his own, who never had to be called twice in the morning, who could hoe his long rows of corn and turn his straight furrows with the best of them, who, though a boy, was intelligent upon the whole subject of farming—no wonder if this would be a keen disappointment. In the neighborhood, too, were those who viewed such a departure with suspicion. "'Dolphus had taken to books, and a first-rate farmer had been spoiled."

From this time on for nine years young

Good took straight aim for an education, and pursued it with all his might. Hand over hand he climbed upward. Three years he studied at Glade Run Academy, walking to and from home two miles, "always in classroom soon after seven o'clock for first recitation," filling vacations and odd hours with teaching school or helping his father in barn and hay-field; three years at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.; three years more at Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., where he threw himself ardently into Soho Mission and for most of the last year preached at Freeport.

Recollections of him are rife. After thirty years, the picture that comes up to one is of "a sturdy little boy, his dark eyes snapping with energy and fun and his feet swinging back and forth twice as fast as any other boy's" on the long bench in Sunday-school. One of the assistants in the academy remembers the lad who entered in the spring of 1873, "earnestness personified," who had "a way of giving his whole thought to whatever engaged his attention for the time, whether a

problem in algebra or a game of ball. The boys often said, 'Good plays fair.' He did not seem ambitious for leadership, and yet because of his qualifications was often given first place." To this teacher[1] he came, when directed to write an essay, saying that it was a new thing and he did not know how. Having received general instructions, he went away and some days later came before the society with an essay on "Wheat" "which made some of us think that we had one with us who would some day be known by his pen." Years after, Dr. Mechlin wrote with the trembling hand of age: "Adolphus was an industrious, earnest, and obliging boy, ready to make the best of circumstances. He was respectful to his teachers, a kind of natural leader among the boys and always popular with them. It was often said of him, 'He will make a good man.'"

There was special religious interest among the students the very summer that Good entered the academy, and, exemplary as he was, always attendant upon public worship,

[1] Rev. A. B. Marshall, Des Moines, Ia.

with the strict and early instruction of his home, it was expected that he would be among the first to avow himself on the Lord's side. But when his teacher asked him if he did not wish to take that stand he was "surprised" to be met by "a decided negative." When under appointment as missionary to Africa, he told this friend that he "never got away from that conversation"; that he delayed becoming a Christian because he thought it would bind him to the ministry, while he then had "other plans." Those plans were for the profession of law and in the direction of a worldly ambition, which he was gradually enabled to put under his feet. He also passed through a period of questioning the received doctrines, and came out, where he stood immovable all his life, upon the solid rock of conviction. He made a "manly confession," and united with Glade Run Church, June 6, 1876, being then in his twentieth year.

The next autumn he entered the sophomore class in Washington College, and, having had a shorter "fitting" than most of the students,

took first rank in nothing; but he ranked well all around, and entered heartily into all the college life. He found his place in the Society of Religious Inquiry the first Sunday, and was always in athletics. No one enjoyed better a good foot-race or game of ball. A member[1] of another class recalls that his most intimate associates in college were "men intellectually strong," and "Good was a dominating force among them. He gave the impression that, other things being equal, it was better not to get into an intellectual contest with him. No one ever doubted his religious conviction. He went his way; he acted on his conviction; nothing else mattered."

One of his classmates[2] through both college and seminary recalls the first time he saw the "sun-browned athlete, . . . eager for work, but impatient of trifling. He was quiet and diffident to a degree, but it soon came to be understood that where muscle or courage or brain or conscience was needed,

[1] Rev. S. B. McCormick, Omaha, Neb.
[2] Rev. Henry C. Minton, D.D., San Francisco, Cal.

Good's place was at the front." At the end of his college course, as well as the beginning, "his face was transparent; he had nothing to hide."

His splendid physical life precluded uncouthness at this or any other period; "but," says a friend, "he was wanting in those graces of deportment which have to be courted, and his rugged honesty and self-respect without them led him, all his life, to underrate, perhaps, their value."

He was one of six men of the classes of '78 and '79 who banded together, and lived at the lowest terms of expense, cooking for themselves by turn, as no other men in college did. If this drew down an occasional sharp grind on "Poverty Row," he was thoroughly insensitive on the subject. He belonged to the Grand Order of Log Cabin Men of America, where Lincoln belonged, and Grant and Garfield. No snobbery can touch such men. All six of that lively and congenial band became ministers in the Presbyterian Church, two of them foreign missionaries.

"What was Good's leading characteristic

in college days?" was lately asked of one of those chief friends. "*Virtus*—manliness," was the answer.

When his own earnings were exhausted, Mr. Good's father came to his rescue, and during his seminary course he received aid from the Board of Education to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars. Every cent of this was voluntarily paid back from his salary in Africa, an act which astonished the secretary[1] into issuing a call to pastors over comfortable churches in America, asking if they could not also refund some part of the aid which they had enjoyed.

Both in college and seminary, along with other students, Mr. Good led country Sunday-schools and cottage prayer-meetings, "preached the gospel to the poor and visited them in their homes." His services were offered at Soho Mission, Pittsburg, with the remark, "I do not know what I can do, but I want to do all I can and in the best way." Again he was girded when he knew it not. The poverty, shiftlessness, and vice with

[1] Dr. Poor.

which he there came in contact were surprising to one reared in his country ways, and long afterward, in Africa, he was applying the lessons he learned in that experience.

When this loyal, exuberantly active young student made an unreserved surrender in favor of the ministry of the gospel, it was as good as settled that it would carry him farther—it would take him as far as the commission read. Accordingly, in March, 1881, we find him writing to his pastor that he was about to offer himself to the Board of Foreign Missions. "It has long been my purpose." What field he shall enter must be determined in the future; now he only asks to know whether he "will be sent anywhere or not." His reasons for this step are most matter-of-fact—"just about those that would suggest themselves to any one. The gospel is here within reach of all and many of its temporal benefits, at least, are enjoyed by all. The heathen have neither." This, he thought, made it the duty, "especially of every young minister," to inquire, not, "Why should I go? but Why should I not go? To the

latter question I can give no answer, and I therefore consider it my duty to go if the church will send me." This whole-souled decision next constrained him one step farther—to propose the field at that time most unpopular in the range of Presbyterian missions. His was a nature impatient of halfway measures.

In a speech before the General Assembly, June, 1882, the treasurer [1] of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions announced with satisfaction that "thirty young men, graduates of our seminaries, have been accepted for the foreign field." Only one of them was sent to Africa, and he only after a mild effort had failed to turn him towards another country. When Adolphus Good took aim he was not one to turn aside without convincing reasons, and he had taken aim for Africa.

The following letter to the secretary [2] of the Board in New York explains the situation:

"ALLEGHENY CITY, PA., December 6, 1881.

". . . I had not known until I received your note how much I desired to go to Africa.

[1] William Rankin, Esq. [2] Rev. John Lowrie, D.D.

I had looked upon my going there as almost a certainty, especially after seeing you this fall. The action of the Board came as a surprise and, I confess, somewhat of a disappointment. I have thought over the subject a good deal since, and tried to find out exactly why I prefer that field to others. Part of the ground for my preference, I frankly confess, is not very sound.

"At first I chose that field without having any decided preference. I chose it because it seemed to me, as it does yet, the field in which the church was most shamefully coming short of her duty, and the one where she was least likely to be able to find men to work. Since then, looking forward to it, the hopefulness of youth and a somewhat adventure-loving disposition have clothed the enterprise in a sort of romantic[1] dress, which I well know is unreal and would be soon torn off by the hard facts of missionary life. Of course the thought of not going disappointed such hopes as these. I find that the great

[1] "With Mr. Good, missions were a reality, not a romance; there is little romance in a life spent like his." (Letter from M. H. Kerr, Africa, March, 1895.)

incentive to mission work, the only lasting source of inspiration,—love for the Master and lost souls,—is to be found in any field. So I will go, and try to go willingly, wherever I am sent. Still, I think there are reasons why I should go to Africa, if I am sent. I am unusually strong and healthy, and think I could stand the climate. In my early days I learned what hard work and roughing it meant. I am rather inclined to adventure than afraid of it. Doing without home and society is not so much of a privation[1] to me as to most persons. And, most important of all, I have at present no prospect of being married."

Two months later his position is the same, and he hopes the Board is about ready to reach a "final decision" as to where to send him.

"If there is good reason for further delay I can wait still longer, but if not I would like to have the matter settled. I have no great objection to going to Siam. . . . Still, for

[1] He ate his words again and again. Writing to his wife in 1887 he says: "It is a small eternity yet before I have any hope of seeing you."

reasons given in my last letter, I prefer Africa. Hoping that if such is the will of the Master you will prefer to have me go there,

"I remain, yours respectfully,

"A. C. Good."

Whence came this young man's first impulse which had resulted in dedication on the foreign missionary altar? As Robert Moffat's came, like Mackay's of Uganda—from his mother. She pored over the pages of the missionary magazine, and searched out every missionary paragraph in the *Banner;* and the boy's eyes followed his mother's. For the rest, the whole gospel was declared in Glade Run Church; the last command of Jesus was preached, and Paul was preached.

Mr. Good was licensed by the presbytery of Kittanning, April 21, 1881.

"I remember his trial sermon," says one.[1] "My heart was drawn out to that young man with his smooth, frank face and clear eye." Pastor Mechlin considered that "he under-

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, Indiana, Pa. "I am living on borrowed time, but I remember."

went a remarkable examination in theology" at that time. The same presbytery ordained him an evangelist the next year, and he sailed alone for Gaboon three months after, September 28, 1882. So little did the West Africa mission stand in the eye of the church in those days that, when the humiliating quota of one new man a year was filled, even his name was overlooked in the list of departures in the *Foreign Missionary*, and for four years after only one brief paragraph referring to him appeared in its pages.

But in the old home, that September day, his father was walking nervously from house to yard, from yard to house, no one venturing to speak to him; and his mother sat silent and tearless in her chair.

CHAPTER II

Grappling with the Situation
November 21, 1882—December 1883

FIFTY-FOUR days after leaving the pier at Philadelphia our traveler landed nine thousand miles away, at Gaboon, West Coast, Africa, and opened his eyes on a new world. He had caught glimpses of tropical life on the voyage from Liverpool—off Sierra Leone, Lagos, the Gold Coast, Old Calabar, Fernando Po. Now he saw the indescribably dense jungle at close range: endogenous stemmed trees, gigantic vegetable forms with gay-blooming parasites trailing over them, the lantana grown to a bush seven feet high, the oleander become a tree. He was only fifteen miles north of the equator. "Since I came I have not seen a tree, plant, leaf, blade of grass, an insect, a bird, fish, scarcely an ani-



MAP OF GABOON AND CORISCO MISSIONS, IN 1882.

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mal, that was familiar to me in America, except the dog, cat, and rat." Centipedes and cockroaches hid in his closet, white ants in the backs of his commentaries, the python swung itself from branches overhanging the path of his boat. Back in the forest big game were found—elephant, antelope, wild boar, and the very ancestral seats of all the monkey family, from the gorilla and chimpanzee to "the little *kilinga*, whose waist you may clasp with thumb and finger; and every one has the same white spot on the end of his nose, and the tail is as long as the body."

He was "agreeably surprised" with Gaboon,[1] the pleasantest place he had yet seen in Africa. It has a fine harbor, one of the few good ones on the whole Gulf of Guinea coast. A modern French town faces it, Libreville, where are the commandant's house, custom-house, and other accessories of a colonial station. The American mission premises, Baraka, lie back from the beach two miles. In the name survives the memory of a Portuguese slave-barracoon which stood on its site

[1] Name of the district now included in Congo Français.

early in the century. The first missionaries having arrived shortly after the foreign slave-trade had received its death-blow, they saw the last company of blacks destined to the slave-ship. Within distance of a block from their mission house they saw the ground, an acre in extent, white with the bones of slaves whose bodies had been thrown to beast and vulture.

The eighth day after joining the mission Mr. Good was on his way up-country with one[1] of his brethren. By open sail-boat, and again by canoe, they followed the course of the salty arm which the Atlantic Ocean here throws inland, and which goes by the name of "Gaboon River," and explored its upper waters to where they emerge in a series of rapids from the Sierra del Crystal range. Most of the towns all the way up to Angom Station were those of the real Fâng, cannibals with their teeth filed to a point, and a loaded gun at full cock nearly always in their hands

[1] Rev. Arthur W. Marling; went to Africa 1880; died at Angom, October, 1896. A Fâng church of thirty-seven members and Scripture translations in Fâng are his enduring monument.



ORDINARY CANOE OF THE FRENCH CONGO.



DR. GOOD'S HOUSE AT BARAKA:
OLDEST RESIDENCE IN THE MISSION.

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—"on the whole, in the rough, materials for a high manhood." Mr. Good preached at several places through an interpreter, and through the week was taking a thorough measurement of the region as a field for missionary operations. Both on the up journey and returning he was all night in an open boat, drenched with rain, and with a face formidably swollen from sand-fly bites presented himself again at Baraka.

Five days after he was on a flying trip to the Ogowĕ, where he was at home among the missionaries, "as if I had always known them." He was struck with the rapid current of the river; its volume was "grand"; but he had no compliments for the brown color of its waters. Kângwĕ Station was well located to command hundreds of small towns by itineration. The Mpōngwĕ-speaking inhabitants were fast being ruined by drink, and the Fâng seemed rather inferior to those on the Upper Gaboon.

A few weeks later he was away on the coast at Corisco Island, serving as clerk of presbytery, and preaching an installation

sermon for the first African pastor[1] in the field.

Having "a glorious day" on their hands, he and a brother delegate rowed over to Banya Island and picked up shells on the beach, wading under a hot sun into the water for the finest shells, just as they might have done at home. This was defiance of African climate. It proved a costly lesson. With his fresh, sound constitution, Mr. Good escaped with a light penalty; but his companion was prostrated with the fever of the country in its most dangerous form. It had been precipitated by standing in the water, although the cause lay far back; for he was an ardent missionary[2] who had been doing the work of two men. Mr. Good helped to nurse his associate, and made a thorough study[3] of African fever at this time. He did not inform his secretary about that day at Banya Island, but he appropriated the warning. Many a time after,

[1] Ibia, the first convert on Corisco, had been ordained twelve years before.

[2] Rev. G. C. Campbell. Fever drove him from the country soon after.

[3] Standard work by Henry A. Ford, M.D.; died in Africa, 1858.

the path of stern duty required of him the same and worse exposure, but he never again took such a risk for amusement. In fact, a fine balance of fearlessness and prudence in enterprise became one of his marked missionary characteristics.

His introduction to the most unfriendly element to human life on the West Coast was more personal still. "A subtle poison fills the air," he wrote to his family. "Sometimes for a year or more it does no serious mischief, but gradually it pulls down the strongest men. This does not make life here unpleasant, as you might suppose. One is not unwell, only feels a languor and disinclination to activity. But I have no reason to complain, for I have had only a little fever twice within the first three months."

Another typical journey was taken to presbytery at Benito, one hundred miles north of Gaboon, and an account of it was sent to one of his brothers:

"GABOON, April 10, 1883.

". . . The trip had to be made by sea in an open boat. I went because somebody

must go, and I was the only one able, Brother —— having been recently ill. My outfit was a boat about thirty feet by six, carrying a sail twelve by eighteen, with six men to pull when the wind was unfavorable. Started March 16th about 10 A.M., and did not reach Corisco Island until midnight. Just when we were passing the rocky point near Elongo a tornado struck us, and as the night was very threatening I was persuaded to try to land. Turning the point too close, we were caught in a rather ugly breaker. Coming up to the landing-place, we found it one mass of angry foam. The boys backed off and said we could not land. 'What then?' said I. 'Lie at anchor here all night and take it,' was the reply. 'No, not I; if we can't land, we strike at once across the bay for Cape St. John.' As they were too timid for this, they again tried the landing. We ran for a bank of sand which lay above the rocks and, when the tide is full, may be safely run into. We were carried ashore with a force that made the future of our boat doubtful. We went over the rocks and into the sand safely; but

the boat must be gotten out again at once, or it would be broken. The boys went at this, and I had to get ashore up to the middle in water, in my shirt-sleeves. The boat was pushed out quickly into deep water, and over the roar of the breakers it was impossible to call for my clothes, even if it would have been proper to bring the boat ashore again. I was glad to get a bed with our native pastor. Next morning, everything wet, my food spoiled; and so we started again, in our wet clothes. It was very hot, with only a little wind till 2 P.M., when another tornado came up, and pouring rain till between eight and nine o'clock. Reached Benito about midnight almost starved, for I had retained no food for forty-eight hours. None of us seems able to eat on such a journey; consequently a square meal is acceptable when the chance comes.

"Now you will think such a trip is dangerous. Tornadoes, for instance. Not so; I have been at sea in four or five. The wind is terrific for a time, and sail must be taken down at once; then there is no danger. The

worst thing is the rocks all along the coast, and the surf. The boat will not strike if she is in two feet of water, and the man who would drown in that case ought to; but let a boat, even if not running very fast, strike a rock, and you have a wreck. As such a boat costs from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars, it is not wise to be reckless. On this trip my boat was in danger two or three times, and yet my men knew the coast very well. Once we were running probably at the rate of ten miles per hour when it was very dark, and suddenly, not more than thirty yards ahead, a reef was seen above the surface. A moment more and we might have rested there till morning. The return trip generally takes four or five days, but we covered it in thirty-four hours, the best time ever made on the route, as far as I can learn. But to do it we sailed all night, and made the crew work, one of the hardest things to accomplish with Africans. I stood it splendidly, but was so sunburnt when I got home that people did not know me at first sight."

Thus the battle was joined at once. For twelve years to come Mr. Good should have his full share of the Africa missionary's lot—of open boats under glaring sun and tropical downpours, of stemming the ocean tide at river mouths and contending with frantic surf; contending also with a far more formidable enemy, one demanding courage equal to any foe on any field—the burning fever and the languor of reaction after fever. Could this enemy be conquered on the West Coast, the white man's life would be stripped of half its perils.

The new missionary was not to be dazed by the new world into which he was plunged. Like William of Normandy on landing in England, he took hold of Africa "with both hands." In all the places where he went he was assimilating facts, in a level-headed way, on which to form conclusions for action. The Mpōngwĕ people of Gaboon quickly sized him up: "*He* has come to stay." And the venerable senior missionary[1] saw "a fair

[1] Rev. William Walker, one of the founders of Gaboon Mission (established by the A. B. C. F. M.), was in Africa the most part of thirty years; died at Milton, Wis., December, 1896.

prospect of some evangelistic missionary work in this vicinity. He will soon be preaching in the vernacular."

The mission, in Annual Meeting (January, 1883), located Mr. Good at Baraka. There the gospel had been preached forty years, against great odds of heathenism on shore and antichristian trade at the river mouth. In 1845 a missionary[1] found a whole town beastly drunk one day. Six of their men had been sold as slaves to the great Spanish "slave factory"[2] on the south side of Gaboon River, and were paid for with six hogsheads of rum which the people, young and old, were consuming as common property. He saw a line of women, hand in hand, fall like a row of ninepins, stupefied with rum. In 1860 an Old Calabar missionary wrote: "The difficulties of our brethren there [at Gaboon]

[1] Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, the leader in opening Gaboon Station, 1842; twenty years in Africa; afterward secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church (North); resigned in 1861; appointed secretary of Board of the Presbyterian Church (South); died in South Carolina, 1886.

[2] A British agent is called a "factor," hence "factory" for trading-house.

are like our own. The 'trade' gets all the advantage of their labors among the young men; the demon of polygamy devours the fruit of their labors among the girls."[1]

In 1883 the conflict was still on. The problem to be grappled with at Gaboon was complex: *Heathenism*—not like virgin soil, but like the stubble twice burned over. *Trade*—not educative, industrious and innocent, but demoralizing, always associated with intoxicants. "Trade is our great enemy," wrote Mr. Good. "Men worth anything to work can get unheard-of wages." He saw the white trader's net spread for the native woman, and the better educated the heavier the temptation. *Liquor*—almost universal among white and black. *Roman Catholicism.* The French priests were manufacturing brandy from the mango. By "treating" parents to rum they swooped scores of children into their schools, baptized them, hung a cross about the neck, and taught them never to listen to a Protestant.

How win victories for the gospel in the

[1] Mr. Robb, in the *Record*, Scotland, September, 1861.

midst of such forces? "Do not feel so much for our privations and discomforts," Mr. Good wrote to his old pastor; "I have seen little of these; but we do need your sympathy and prayers in these tremendous spiritual difficulties."

There were unaccustomed duties to be grappled. First, mission assigned a training-class of candidates for the ministry. Concerning this he wrote to his secretary in New York: "All seemed to agree that no other person could be spared for it, so I have been appointed. It is a work I am utterly unfit to do, owing to want of experience and my very imperfect knowledge of the language. The difficulties and responsibilities are too great to be thought about. I can scarcely hope you will approve the appointment; yet I do hope, now that it is done, you will do all you can, by your advice and influence, to help me." This class was but temporary.

Care of the church at Baraka was added to that of the class. Its membership had become reduced to about forty, some of them aged, and some lifeless Christians.

Mr. Good was fast getting his bearings; improving the advantage of "Father Walker's" presence, enjoyed for a few months; studying the people out in their towns on foot or by boat; especially studying the Mpōngwĕ language with all his might. He had found on his arrival a mission force of twenty-three Americans. By one steamer after another, he saw ten missionaries depart for home within a year. At the end of six months he was the only man left at his station. As Baraka was general depot for the mission, the duties of treasurer were now laid upon his shoulders. These involved bookkeeping for the mission, receiving and shipping freight for all the stations, the complex, wearying business of African barter, relations with custom-house and other French officials, and acquaintance with French laws. To be competent for these last, he straightway began evening lessons in the French language. He confides to his mother (to whom the regular monthly letter never failed while she lived) that "the place is a tough one for a mere boy to hold. A great deal of business

experience is needed, and I have none." His chief complaint, however, is that he cannot work as he used to at home—"cannot do more than half as much."

One of his public duties, conducting the funeral service of a white trader who had led a scandalous life, is referred to in his note-book: "My task was a difficult and delicate one—to keep from giving offense either to his friends or to my conscience. I took care to avoid the latter."

A letter to the Board in May refers, as to a trifle, to the fact that, though a vessel has arrived direct from America, the furniture which was ordered before his own departure has not yet put in an appearance. "Fortunately there will soon be some for sale in the mission from which I can supply myself, so it does not matter much." He is intending marriage, or we should never hear of the furniture at all.

The next month an American man-of-war was off Gaboon harbor; and as excessive red tape was essential to legalize a marriage under colonial laws, the wedding-party went

out and boarded the *Quinnebaug*, which was anchored in neutral water four miles from shore. There, June 21, under the stars and stripes, Adolphus C. Good was married to Miss Lydia B. Walker, who had been for several years a member of the mission. The incident is on the records of the Naval Department at Washington, D. C. All the circumstances suited Mr. Good, for he was a thorough American.

The first Mpŏngwĕ sermon came off after only ten months in Africa. Inquiry meetings follow. "We expected two or three persons; ten came." Cases of religious interest in the towns are reported, and, "from visits among the same people, I know they are not overdrawn."

In this summer of 1883 began to be operated those decrees of the republic of France, through their commandant in Gaboon, of which intimations had been heard before, and which would eventually cause the transfer of a part of the mission to French hands. All schools in what had become French territory were ordered closed unless they were taught

in the French tongue. If the authorities had simply discriminated against the English language, and left to missionaries their instruction in the vernacular, Mr. Good would have been well content. He was inclined to believe that teaching in English at Gaboon had been "a curse." But American missionaries had not prepared themselves to teach French schools; they could not approve of them. They knew that a generation would have to pass away before Africans could be brought to Christ through the medium of a foreign language. Accordingly the schools were closed, but, with justifiable strategy, "we manage to keep with us all the boys of the inquiry class, and all who gave promise of entering the ministry or Bible-reading work. Were we to send them away to be lost—the boys to go into trade, the girls to the bad?" They were retained on the terms of a French law which defined a "school" as constituted of "four or more pupils." Each missionary was permitted to have as many as three Africans at a time attached to his or her premises; and thus a dozen girls and boys

were employed in washing, cooking, weeding yards, and were taught the Bible as before, only on mission-house verandas instead of in a school-room.

A Jesuit hand was inside the glove of authority. It was not the zeal of Paris, but of the Roman Catholic mission at Gaboon, which had closed the schools. Its force included a bishop, half a dozen priests, and as many nuns. There was one Protestant missionary to face their machinations. He was afraid of only one thing: that, in view of government threats, the Board at home would "decline to send out the reinforcements we ask for."

What were these Africans upon whom missionaries were expending their lives? To what stage had the problem of their elevation been worked out? Mr. Good was fitted to pass an unexaggerated judgment upon Gaboon people. He saw them with somewhat different eyes from what might be the first glance of a refined woman who had never visited the slums of a metropolis, and had passed her happy girlhood amid the proprieties and pre-

ponderating Christian influence of an American town. His conclusions were based, not upon the degree of their nakedness, but upon the inward qualities which they disclosed, and their powerful race institutions of polygamy, dowry, and tribal slavery.

To his friends of Glade Run Church he wrote:

"If you were to come here and see the degradation, superstition, and wickedness of the people, you would feel, as I cannot help feeling, that the work of Christianizing them is just begun. But when I turn away from this picture, and ask of those who have been longest here how they found this people when the gospel was first brought, they paint a picture so much darker than we see now that I find a great deal to be thankful for. There is a decided advance.

"'What sort of beings are they?' do you ask? Without industry and energy. 'Do they not work?' 'Are they not great hunters and fishers?' Yes, when hungry and driven by the evil of empty stomachs to the lesser evil of work. When rain pours through the

rotten roof, or the long-propped-up walls fall around them, then they build. Many of them are strong, athletic men with wonderful powers of endurance; but take away the necessity for work, and they sink into a normal condition of sleepy inactivity. Even courage, a quality which is usually thought to be part of the savage character, must be subtracted from it, at least in this part of Africa. They delight in bloodshed; almost every town of the great Fâng race has a deadly feud with neighboring towns, and they are constantly killing and eating each other; but I never heard of a battle here. It is always an ambuscade—a stealing upon an unsuspecting enemy in the bush and murdering him. You could not induce them to stand up face to face in open fight. It is not cruelty and brutality that make a brave man, but culture, refinement, and the inculcation of noble sentiments and principles.

"Theft, dishonesty, lying, are fearfully prevalent; fidelity to promises the exception. How could it be otherwise? No God; only cruel, revengeful spirits, who inhabit the

forest, and are to be feared. Love is almost unknown here, for love is of God. The family? There is none, in our sense of the word. Wives are slaves; they are bought by giving dowry, as it is called, but just about the price of a slave is given. A man's rank is determined by what he owns, and his wealth is accumulated in the form of wives. They are beaten and abused unmercifully. They have only one escape; that is, to run away, back to their tribe, or get some man to take them and pay to their first husband what they cost him. In all Gaboon and vicinity there are not more than three or four women, outside of our mission, who have lived all their life with the same husband. These people see nothing immoral in such a course. There is some care for the children, but it mainly proceeds from the same base motives. Is it a son? He honors the parent and strengthens the family, an important consideration in their tribal feuds. Is it a daughter? She will in a few years be worth from fifty to two hundred dollars, enriching her family thereby. Most of the

parental affection rests on strictly business principles. If you doubt it, you would be convinced by seeing how the father will sell his daughter to any man who will pay his price, no matter how many wives he may have, nor how wretched she may be with him. What a life! How dark it is! They do not realize the saddest features of their condition. As a people they are noted for freedom from care. They cannot be called unhappy, as a rule, but you will travel a long time among them before you see a genuinely happy face; and when old age comes and strength deserts the arm, leaving the man nothing to be proud of, and the woman useless and therefore neglected, the picture is sad indeed.

"Perhaps you will say, 'They are not like us; they are a lower order of beings.' Nay; but what has made us to differ is the gospel with you, and the want of it here. You will find men in America who have practically no religion, and they show as little honor and truthfulness as men here. It is want of religion that has sunk this people. Climatic

conditions have determined the direction of the descent. Here nature is too good to her children. Fish always swarm in the rivers, and you can have plantains and cassava every day in the year. A few days' work provides a bamboo house with thatched roof. A few yards of cloth satisfy their very primitive ideas of propriety. Thank God for long, hard winters for a great part of the globe! But this people are waking up, and this sleeping giant must be constrained by the love of Christ, or he would better be asleep than waking.

"The gospel has made some *real men* out of this awfully poor material. Of course it is hard, slow work. At home, temptations like a great stream bear thousands away; here they are a mighty flood hurling multitudes on to eternal doom. Africa is opened. Those who have the gospel must determine whether it shall be her destruction or her salvation."

In the fourteen years which have passed since this description was penned there have been hundreds more of "real men" developed

through knowledge of their heavenly Father; but outside of narrow sections where Christianity has acquired a considerable foothold, this indictment is as true to-day as then, not only in Equatorial Africa, but over all the great Dark Continent.

During his first year our young missionary had grappled with a handful of problems pertaining to African life, and had reached several conclusions to which he held tenaciously through his whole career:

1. That Africans are to be won to Christ through the medium of their own vernacular, not through a foreign tongue.

2. That the gospel is to be given to the people to prepare them for education and civilization, not the reverse.

3. That Gaboon Mission was to grow and from time to time apply to the church at home for reinforcements.

CHAPTER III

Embarrassed by Government Restrictions
1884

THERE was no foreign governmental establishment within one thousand miles on the coast, and for two thousand miles eastward, all the way to the Indian Ocean, was unexplored savage territory, when Gaboon Mission was founded in 1842. But the very next year a French cannon-ball struck the mission school-house while a religious service was in progress. A French Jesuit mission soon planted itself within three miles of Baraka, and not long after a French administration was formally extended over the district, in spite of the helpless remonstrance of the more shrewd headmen in Gaboon villages.

Relations between French officials and the

Americans were friendly in the early days, and as late as 1864 Walker wrote: "Embarrassments from the French government are not to be apprehended. It has shown as much regard for our mission as could be expected from any government." In 1882 the situation was somewhat altered. The scramble for Africa had begun among European powers, and the French were on the alert to legally establish their claims in the Gaboon. The Spanish, who appeared on Corisco Island as early as 1858, had disappeared and reappeared again, came now to stay. In 1884 a German man-of-war took possession of the Benito River and various points north; and the French, having with great promptitude discovered an old treaty which gave the Benito to themselves, took possession of the south bank. The political situation became, and all summer continued, "uncertain."

Mr. Good was drawn into several conferences with the French commandant. It was a delicate position for a man so young, so new in the mission, unversed in social etiquette, only beginning to speak in French,

and wholly without experience in diplomacy. One burst of temper, one social blunder, a hasty inference, a little slowness in comprehending the commandant's tactics, might jeopardize the future of the mission. The responsibility weighed heavily. He longed for "Campbell to be back to share the burden," as he was forced, the only man at headquarters, step by step to take action alone. The course natural to him was the best possible. His directness, his habit of taking straight aim, the sagacity which had been cultivated in watching the wily ways of birds and rabbits in his boyhood, added to a fund of good nature and self-control, carried him through. He had bent before the storm at its first approach and closed his school. The commandant still refused his opening it in the vernacular. If the Americans could not meet the requirement of the law themselves, they must secure French teachers. This was reasonable, and the missionary yielded again.

The retired veteran,[1] looking out from his

[1] Walker.

Wisconsin watch-tower, "did not think there was any one at Gaboon who knew what to propose this year, except to work on, preaching the gospel, confirming saints, and winning sinners. It seems to me a time to stand still and wait the moving of God's providence." But he had a successor, yet too young and too energetic to be warranted in simply standing still. He proposed to do some moving himself in connection with God's providence. Mr. Good more than met the situation: he formulated plans for action.

Now began a gentle but firm bombardment of the doors of the home office. From month to month he writes about the course of the commandant. In March he observes that some property at Gaboon is held by "the Board," while French law recognizes only such as is held in the name of an individual. He finds the Jesuit mission prohibited from *preaching in the vernacular*, because the colony pays them twenty thousand francs a year for teaching exclusively in French. "Still, I cannot help asking, How have we escaped this blow?" And his intention is that this

blow shall not fall. He points out that restrictions are not laid on account of the Protestant religion, but because of the feeling in France that "our schools are making the people of the colony English." The commandant promised that the other schools should be taught in the vernacular if a French school were opened at Gaboon.

Plan No. 1 has therefore developed. He asks the Board to grant a French teacher to assist in the Gaboon school, "in order to satisfy the commandant." Concerning this letter he tells an associate, "I wrote it to induce the Board *to make an advance of some sort.*" He wishes they had a light-draught steam- or naphtha-launch,[1] for with it they could give the gospel with reasonable regularity to one hundred thousand souls within easy reach on the Gaboon and its tributaries. He has just seen five missionaries on their way to the Congo. "By every steamship there is somebody going to that mission. *We* might well take a lesson from them."

In August, though not yet officially in-

[1] This is still called for.

formed, he learns that the commandant "has orders in his pocket to close our only vernacular schools left at Benito."

September. He had been notified of fresh instructions from France. A school might be opened at Talaguga Station,[1] but in French only. Much suspicion was directed towards the Sabbath services.

Then follows cautious see-sawing between Baraka and the colonial office, the main end never lost sight of. Nor does Baraka always lose. One official concession grants "religious services in the native language"; so that nail was driven.

There is another tap at the secretary's door. Mr. Good recalls the experience of English missionaries on Tahiti—how, after French occupation, they had been constrained to turn their mission over to French Protestants. One of his colleagues had already suggested to the Board a similar course in their mission. For himself, he begins to think that "getting French teachers is a compromise plan; I am

[1] On the Ogowĕ River; opened by the Rev. R. H. Nassau, M.D., in 1882.

afraid of it. It is the settled policy of France to make every one of her colonies a new France in language and customs. I am sorry to believe it, but I do believe we shall in the end be forced to transfer our work to French missionaries; and this will be best for the kingdom of Christ in the colony. The government is determined to make this a French people. If so, a French church can best harmonize with that policy; we never can."

But men were needed. "At present, with just enough to guard each station, we are doing nothing. People we taught have gone to their towns, and we cannot even follow them. If we keep on thus a few years, there will be nothing either to hold or to transfer." He corresponds with his associates in the mission concerning a possible transfer. One of them having first broached the subject to the Board, he can "follow." Otherwise he would have been "afraid they would take such a suggestion from the youngest member of the mission as assumption. Let us discuss this among ourselves. Nothing will make

our Board act but something like unanimous opinion boldly expressed by mission meeting. I want this mission to adopt some definite policy."

November. He is "sorry to say I have had the so-called malignant fever, which is becoming so fashionable in our mission." He credits the attack to a sedentary life. After active exposure, "all night wet and cold, eating all kinds of food, drinking all kinds of water, I have never been the worse for it. When I have walked fifteen or twenty-five miles a day it put new life into me for weeks; but when confined a month or two at Baraka I have become languid and bilious."

December. A parting shot to the home office: "The French are likely to get Benito, and we may expect our schools to be closed there, just when the harvest is being gathered in so fast."

All the year Mr. Good had been mission treasurer, and pastor of Gaboon Church, and superintendent of the station. "Of course I do justice to neither." He might have added that watching through the alarming illness

of his wife, his own recurring attacks of fever, and anxiety for the future of the mission had drained his strength. But the year had its joys. He had welcomed a little son with fatherly pride. There had been "a quiet work of grace in a few hearts"—a few; he will not overrate it. He had succeeded in visiting "a few Fâng towns," and he "rejoiced while he sorrowed" for Bessie, the good Bible-woman. She had "labored beyond her strength" among her countrywomen, and led many of them to the Saviour; and when painful illness kept her foot from the oft-trodden paths, she "gathered women of the towns around her death-bed and prayed with them." This woman was a Kroo, who had been trained from a child at Gaboon.

A few other facts were outstanding. "We discipline church members; the Jesuits do not, and are attracting great numbers. We shall have baptized heathenism instead of confessed heathenism to deal with." More breakers ahead: "Three times as many trading establishments in the Gaboon as eighteen months previous." The Mpōngwĕ race was

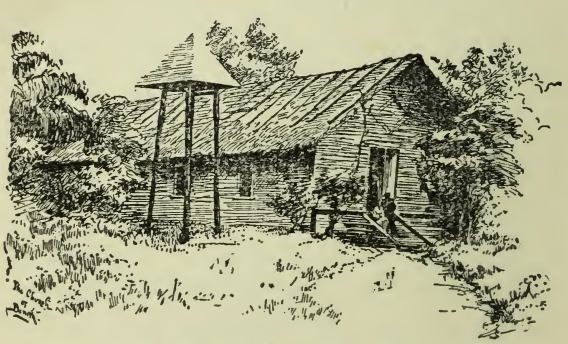
"dying out" on account of its viciousness. From six thousand of them at Gaboon in 1842, they were now reduced to between two and three thousand, and were likely to become extinct in twenty years or less. "Is it wise to lay foundations in a sinking beach that in twenty years will be submerged? I confess I should like to see promise of more permanency for the work to which I devote my life. I should like to see a move interiorward most of all, but suppose that in any case the coast must be held."

Several members of the mission had been obliged to flee for their lives during 1884. One[1] had lain down in her last sleep at Talaguga, beside the great Ogowĕ. All had borne hardship, some of them in desperate loneliness; but all were united in resolve to stand by their banner in Africa. Not specially heartening could have seemed to them the report of the Board presented to General Assembly in the following spring:

"Frequently grave doubts have arisen whether it is best to continue the mission in

[1] Mrs. Mary Foster Nassau.

such a climate. These doubts are now intensified by the disturbing influence of French regulations." The necessary frequency of furloughs is referred to: "Perhaps the best remedy for these climatic evils is to remove the mission to some other African field." Requests from the mission to employ French teachers, or to consider a transfer of some of the stations to the care of French Christians, are at first presented as "suggestions," but in the end, as it were, laid on the table. "There seems but one course open, that of standing in our lot." ("Annual Report of Board," 1885, p. 55.)



THE CHURCH AT BENITO, AFRICA.

CHAPTER IV

Beginnings in the Ogowĕ Country
1885

THE Ogowĕ is one of the mighty rivers of Africa. It stretches for over seven hundred miles along the equator, and connects with the Congo by its upper branches. It is a grand waterway for two hundred miles from its mouth, but above that are rapids for five hundred miles. Its current is swift, and through an immense delta it pours into the Atlantic, according to the season, from 360,000 to 1,750,000 cubic feet of water per second. The largest island in the river divides it into two channels opposite Kângwĕ.

Just there, at Kângwĕ, the mission stationed Mr. Good, and he arrived there with his family February 1. The four months following he pronounced "the happiest since I came

to Africa. Nearly half my time was spent in my boat. I visited all the Galwâ towns, some of them several times, and many towns of the Fâng and the Akĕlĕ." The record of the first among his numberless itinerations in this region is interesting as showing the system with which, at just twenty-eight years of age, but two years in Africa, and with no superintending eye upon him, Mr. Good went about his work. His care to be exact, at least to avoid exaggeration, is illustrated in his frequent use of the word "about." His notes of this journey were preserved solely for his own reference, especially as a geographical guide, and are given verbatim.

1885, Feb. 9. Began my first boat journey in the Ogovi.[1] Started about 8:30 A.M. down the small river.

Passed a Galwa and —— town called Atangino on our left, one mile below Kângwĕ. Also a small Bakĕlĕ town opposite.

Next Akăma (Galwa) left side ½–1 mile below Atangino.

We entered Degĕlĕ creek just opposite, which

[1] Afterwards written "Ogowĕ."

flows to the N. five miles to a small lake of same name. No towns. From the lake, Degĕlĕ creek turns W. and S. W. ten miles (all distances are guessed) where it approaches very near to the river it had left, so that just opposite the Adjumba[1] towns two creeks break through from the large river into it.

By the upper of these, Osondo, we crossed to Adjumba. Still no towns on the Degĕlĕ which flows on under a new name to Lake Azyingo. Reached Adjumba towns about 12 M.

Spent the afternoon and night here.

Preached in the lower end of the town on the Prodigal Son. Present about 30 people.

A little above, on the New Birth to 40 people. At the town farthest up the river on Matt. v. 1–10 to about 20 people.

Again below this to about 30 people on Jno. iii. 15–19, and in the evening at Mbumba's place on Rom. viii. 1–5 to 50 people. Mbumba with whom I stayed is a middle-aged man who has a very boyish appearance partly for want of a beard, which want he very much regrets. He is very friendly and did his best to make me comfortable.

Feb. 10. Meeting at Adjumba before starting for Lake Azyingo. Spoke on Rom. v. 1–10 to about

[1] Afterwards written "Ajumba."

30 people. Started about 7 : 30 A.M. Crossed from Adjumba to a small creek a little below called Orembagogo. Leaving a branch of this, Orembankala, to the left we keep to the right and re-enter the Degĕlĕ under the new name Orembazyingo. Course nearly due N. Five to seven miles from Adjumba, a large Pangwe [1] town on the right called Atănda, and five miles further a town on our left of Syekani [2] and Bakĕlĕ, called Atĕvĕ. Stopped and talked to the people at both the above places. Three miles further we enter a creek called Egânli coming from the Lake. Two miles along this sluggish stream course N. and we enter the Lake from the W. S. W. We passed, near the entrance on our right, to another town of the Adjumba called Mandezimbanli. Head man Agambwi. Stayed with Mañgandi. Learned that there were no towns on the Lake, except one (Adjumba) on the opposite side of the entrance and four Pangwe towns at the other end of the Lake probably 10 to 12 miles distant.

Visited the town opposite called Azyngo, where I talked to 35 people on Rom. iii. 10–20. Town small and the people timid. Returned to Mandezimbanli and in the evening preached to about 25

[1] Afterwards written "Fâng." [2] Or "Syeki."

on Gal. v. 16–23. The people of both these towns seem wild and act strangely and, especially those of Azyngo, have mixed with the oldest Mpōngwĕ a great many words which I take to be Syekani and Bakĕlĕ.

The Lake, as nearly as I can make out, is made up of two nearly equal ends (separated) connected by a strait. The country beyond is hilly, almost mountainous, but had no time to explore more particularly.

Talked again in the evening to 25 people on Matt. xviii. 21–35.

Feb. 11. Had a rather poor night. Was tired but failed to sleep on account of the bedbugs of which (if I am to estimate them by the sense of touch) there were thousands in my bed.

Talked in the morning to a few people on Matt. vii. 14.

Re-entered the river we had left the day before to come to the Lake. Its name changed to Olowiguma. Course westerly. Beautiful hills on our right outside the Lake. Densely wooded. After 7 or 8 miles, the river divides around a long island (*4–5 miles long*) and the right hand stream widens into a shallow lake one mile wide and 3 or 4 long called Nkove. Some Pangwe towns at the end farthest from the entrance. In passing through

this lake, keep close along the island to the left or the outlet will be missed. Course here becomes S. W. to S. for 5 or 6 miles, when we pass a small but very picturesque lake on our left, opening full breadth into the river and extending back one mile, called Ogôndwĕ. Toward noon we found a small lake on our right ½ by 1 mile. Very fine—called Igulwĕ—4–6 miles from Ogôndwĕ. Took dinner in this lake and bought meat. No towns, only fishermen.

From this the river runs deep, and with strong current, between wooded hills 7–8 miles and then opens on our right another lake called Logĕ. Seen from the river it seems very fine indeed. We see the lower end. It lies parallel with the river and near to it, 1 mile by 3 miles. Hills around it are very fine. A mile and one half further brings to the Adjumba River and we begin to ascend. First Galwa town 1½ miles above the junction on our left, called Lōngwĕ. Opposite, a little below, a small creek goes off to the big river coming out between Egenja and Asyuka. Called Ntondi. Said to be ½ day's pull from Lōngwĕ to the main river. Preached in the afternoon to 60 people (many children) on Luke v. 31–32. Evening, to a house full on Luke xii. 39–40. Probably over 60 present. People left off dancing *mbwiri* for a

young man who was lost, in order to attend the meeting. Lōngwĕ a large town, perhaps 200 people or more and full of children.

Feb. 12. Passed a very comfortable night at Lōngwĕ. In the morning talked on Christ and the woman at the well to 40 people. Start up the river due E. We pass to the right of a large island beginning a little above Lōngwĕ and continuing 2½–3 miles. Soon above, another island 1½–2 miles long on the upper end of which is the small Galwa town of Nĕngĕ. We turned to the right in passing the above island, but the main channel is on the other side. To Nĕngĕ took 2–2½ hrs. and the distance may be 8 miles.

Preached here to 20 people on Matt. xxii. 36 *sq.* Close above, we pass to the right of a small island and, a little above, to the left of a long island extending past the next town. About 5 miles above Nĕngĕ we reach Olamba on our left, a small Galwa town like Nĕngĕ in size. Talked to 15–20 people on Jno. vi. 47–57. People came very reluctantly. Reached this place about noon and left about 2 P.M.

After 4 miles further reach a town of Ivile people on our right, called Ompoymânla. Talked to 20–30, on the Prodigal Son. People friendly and apparently anxious to hear.

Close above this a Galwa town, Ngôndo, of fair

size, very friendly but situated in an unhealthful place and poorly kept. Spoke on Jno. iii. 14–21 to about 50 people. Some of the chief men and women were the worse for drink. They had made some sort of intoxicant from cane juice with the bark of some tree in it. This, the last of the four Galwa towns on this part of the river. Met here Afanganângâ, head man of the Adjumba towns.

Just above this town a creek a few hundred yds. long enters Lake Adôlĕ. A fine body of water 2–2½ miles wide and 4–5 long. End toward the river.

6 P.M. Spoke again in the Ivile town to about 25 people on Luke vi. 42–49.

8 P.M. Talked again in Ngôndo on the parable of the Sower, to 20–30 people.

Feb. 13. After a fairly good night talked again to 20 people on Matt. xviii. 1–9.

One half mile above, on the opposite side, a small new Ivile town called Egôlianli. Preached here to 20 people on Matt. v. 1–12. Just around a bend of the river on the same side a Syekani town, Njongo. Spoke here to 15 people on Matt. vi. 6–13. People very timid.

Two miles above this, on the opposite side, a town of Syekani, a fairly good sized and well built town, called Adaginlanjambiĕ. Spoke to 15–20

people on Matt. xiii. 47–50. No towns between this and Adjumba, from which, distance 4–4½ hrs. pull, or 12–15 miles. Took dinner in the bush and reached Adjumba 2 : 30 P.M. Met here Angom and his wife.

Evening, spoke to 40–45 people on 2 Pet. iii. 8–11.

Feb. 14. Left Adjumba at 5 : 30 A.M. ¾ mile above, a small Adjumba town called Aněngă. Too early to stop.

Pull 2 hrs., then the river Omoni goes off to the main river; 3 or 4 mi. further, we come to the two towns called Ompolavoma on our left. The lower one Syekani, small; the one, a little above, Galwa and a very fair town.

Spoke in the lower town to 12 people on the Prodigal Son. In the Galwa town talked to 25 people on the New Birth.

A little below Degĕlĕ creek, the river Ekalegambe goes off to the main river joining Omoni further down.

Close below Degĕlĕ creek (lower entrance) on same side, a small Pangwe town. Talked here to 40 or 50 people.

Crossed to Akăma and talked to 15 people on Jno. iii. 16–21.

Stopped at Atangino to call the people to church next day.

Reached home, noon.

Preached in all thirty times, to about 800 people. Traveled 100–110 miles.

Missionary efforts on the Ogowĕ had thus far been made through the Mpōngwĕ language and chiefly expended upon the Galwâ tribe, while they were far outnumbered by the Fâng. "Tens of thousands of Fâng," wrote Mr. Good, "and not a single convert among them, on this river. It would be my wish to allow my associate to go on with his previous work, and devote myself to the Fâng." But after a few months of energetic initiative came one of those inevitable, characteristic interruptions to every enterprise of white men on the West Coast. His associate[1] was dangerously low with fever and had to be sent to Gaboon, and soon after Mr. Good himself succumbed. The physician ordered them both out to sea. At every calling port a message was sent back to Mrs. Good.

"Up with R—— all night; temperature

[1] Rev. W. H. Robinson; resigned from the Africa mission in 1886.

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DR. A. C. GOOD AT OLD CALABAR, 1885.

103½°. Mrs. R—— sick too. 'Yours truly' is getting on very well."

From Old Calabar: "R——'s fever down, but takes little food. Place unfavorable to recovery. Going to Bonny. If he gets up, you may expect me by next mail-steamer. If not, there is nothing for it but on to Madeira. I am going to get awfully tired of it. Don't like the idea of being away from you and work so long, but I am in for it. Don't worry; am feeling first-rate." Accompanying this letter was a photograph for "the girl I left behind me," taken in the yard of the Scotch mission.

Back at Kângwĕ: "Now I hope to stay here a long time without change. My health seems completely restored"—a seeming to be disproved by many a burning fever yet.

No time is lost in getting that boat again into motion. Within a month the missionary has seen "nearly all our people" at communion, and taken reports of Bible-readers. "What pleases me most is an inquiry class of seventeen, among them some young men who have borne persecution well." There was

a school of thirty to forty started, but French authorities closed it. Men twenty to thirty years old worked one half-day to go to school the other half. They gave up their wages to buy books; nearly all lived ten to fifty miles down-river. "Now we must turn them away. The children say, 'Must we grow up in darkness?' Parents ask, 'Shall we send them to the Roman Catholic school?' Hitherto I have said, 'Wait;' but that answer is getting rather old. Some church members will send to the Catholics if we do not soon supply this want. What shall we say to them?" The question at Gaboon was the question at Kângwĕ.

"Faithful, earnest Nguva, the only elder of our little church, has gone to his reward. I shall miss him very much, and his place will be hard to fill. The want of schools bears heavily on Bible work. These men we have can hardly read. People will not long listen to such instruction as they can give."

A French priest, an ignorant, intemperate man, frequently amused himself by breaking up meetings which Protestants conducted in

the towns. Mr. Good was ready for such cases. He could summon his patience and stand still in answer to abusive language, or, allowing his opponent to address the people as long as he would, "then I took the floor, or rather the middle of the street, and replied, trying to do what he had failed to do—confine my remarks as much as possible to presentation of the way of salvation, and contrasting our teachings on the subject with theirs."

One day the Fâng themselves undertook to settle a discussion of this kind in their town by a characteristic method. Each white man should send for a canoe of tobacco. "Let it be brought and given; then we will know who is best." The priest fell into the plan at once. "I let him commit himself thoroughly; then I told them plainly that the Word of God was what I came to give. If they heard it, well; if not, it was their palaver. I would preach it to them, but would not pay them to listen; it was worth being heard without their attention being bought. And, to my surprise, the people said I was right."

But it was a year of strife with the Jesuit

mission. It was their aim to bring Protestant missionaries into disrepute with the French government. They snatched and burned Protestant Scriptures in the hands of poor, pagan, black people, as if they were living in Spain; and Mr. Good came back to the old conclusion, "We shall never have any peace till we teach some French."



FÂNG IDOL FROM THE OGOWĔ.

CHAPTER V

A Rising Tide on the Ogowĕ
1886—1887

NOTWITHSTANDING attacks upon it, the Word of God became precious in those days. A spirit of inquiry arose in the Ogowĕ concerning things of the soul. In March, 1886, the class of inquirers was swelled to over thirty members. Swifter and swifter flew the *Montclair* down the great river for a week at a time, in all weathers, putting in to shore wherever a group of banana-leaved roofs showed above the tall grass; and people listened to the "words of God" in direct, well-mastered Mpōngwĕ. In June twenty-three were added to the inquiry class. "I was counting on from three to five."

Referring to this time, Mr. Good wrote to his secretary, several months after: "I

thought of announcing the good news then, but hesitated. I doubted the motives of so many in coming. There is nothing I so much dislike as writing good news and afterwards being compelled to take it back."

A large caution in making deductions and statements was one of Mr. Good's missionary qualifications. His conclusions were reached with deliberation and then held positively,[1] and it was humiliating to retract them. A characteristic instance was the case of a Congo woman who, he judged, could be of use in the mission. A trial of her proved otherwise, and he acknowledged his "chagrin": "I never was so deceived in a person, and, thinking over the whole matter, cannot help feeling a little ashamed that, after form-

[1] One of his brethren in the mission says: "Mr. Good was a man of strong convictions and great tenacity of purpose. He seemed at times, to some of us, almost too positive in insisting upon the adoption of his own views; but those who knew him best learned that it was not because they were his opinions, but only because of his intense conviction that the plan proposed was the best or most practicable, and if it had originated with some one else he would have been just as hearty in his support of it. . . . He was thoroughly loyal to the mission as well as to the Board, accepting its decision as final."

ing so good an opinion of one, I should so soon be seeking to get rid of her." He adds that her wages have not been taken out of mission money, and here another characteristic is touched.

Strict uprightness in the use of money, economy of mission funds as a sacred trust, marked Mr. Good's course. Four years out of his first five in Africa, he returned an annual balance to the mission. When about to take a voyage on mission business, he would exert himself to investigate passage-rates and choose the route by which he could "save eight days' time and five pounds sterling." While on furlough in America, a gentleman, from whom he had expected assistance for the mission, surprised him with a personal gift of two hundred dollars. Instead of putting it into his pocket for a visit to his brothers in Nebraska, he writes like an embarrassed school-boy to ask his secretary, "What shall I do with it?" Finding a satisfactory answer was more trouble to him than to wade through a mangrove swamp. Not because he was niggardly with his own

money. "The grand balance," he writes to his wife, inclosing an order for every cent left to his account at the end of a year. And again: "You do not need to account to me for your expenditures. If you spend all the money you can get, you will not be extravagant."

This was while Mrs. Good was in America, ill health having compelled her return in the summer of 1886. They had determined upon the sacrifice of separation; and, putting wife and boy on board ship at Gaboon, he went back alone to the great, lonely Ogowĕ, his nearest missionary associate being seventy-five miles above Kângwĕ.

Now again, day after day, rain or shine, Galwà, Nkâmi, Akĕlĕ, Ivile, Syeki, Orungu, and Fâng, all, in their low brown towns, descry the tireless *Montclair* headed for their landings, the well-known white helmet in its stern. At least four towns in a day are visited, sometimes fourteen. Up the Ogowĕ and down flies the *Montclair*, and by the "small river," by Degĕlĕ Creek, and in high water by the big lakes to the south. More

often yet it is seen tied to the clay bank, and the missionary is tramping mile after mile in the bush, through its twilight, among colossal forest trees with their endless festoonery of vines, lush swamps, naked mangrove banks decorated with crocodiles; in the bush, dark with foliage above, terrible below with giant wrecks of lightning-struck cottonwoods, redwoods, or palms, slippery vines to trap the foot, entangled bush-rope as strong as a cable, and, hiding under the leaves, vipers, lizards, snakes, for each variety of which the African has a separate charm.

Of what Mr. Good ever ate on these innumerable bush journeys, or how he slept, no one at the mission rooms ever saw a line from his pen; but once,[1] when Mrs. Good accompanied him, she wrote upon these points to a friend:

"Passed on into the large lake Onanga. Two small islands came in sight, and the trees looked from the distance as if covered with white blossoms; but as we drew near we discovered they were blossoming with hundreds of large white birds. Ate our

[1] June, 1888; down-river among the lakes.

lunch on one of the islands, and went on to Ngewa, quite a large town. Held a meeting, and crossed to the other end of the lake to Okonjo. Arrived at dark, wet and tired. Did not find royal accommodations. After some talk we were allowed the use of a room in a house minus windows or doors, having a mud floor, with a pile of leaves and ferns for a bed. 'A bed of ferns' may sound luxurious, but my experience was otherwise. Spent the Sabbath in this place; thirty-five present at morning service. Next day up and away for Lake Ogemwĕ, far eastward. Visited three towns. Ate lunch in the forest, and then the boat-boys pulled hard till dark. Slept at Aningwa-revo, in a native house as uncomfortable and dirty as usual, but were tired enough to be thankful for even that."

Bible-readers, here, there. Every one who is capable of imparting an elementary gospel message is set to teaching his people, but is not left to himself. The man can never conjecture whether it will be on Tuesday or Saturday, but his missionary's visit of inspection is sure to take him by surprise; then,

whatever he has tried to do will not escape that keen eye, neither what he has neglected; and laziness is the one thing that will never be spared.

But these workers must be paid; appropriations have been "reduced," and "the school will eat up all the money left"—that is, the school which is to be, if only the Board allows French teachers. There are always resources to him who can do without. Every workman is dismissed at Kângwĕ who can possibly be spared, even the boat crew, and what is saved on their wages is paid out from the missionary's own vital energy in annoyance and watchfulness with temporary paddlers who must be summoned and coaxed an hour before each trip.

In the summer of 1886 the telegraph came to Gaboon and a sub-commandant to the Ogowĕ. For some months the same fencing had to go on with this official as with the Jesuit mission. The same tactics won the day. At first hostile and surly, he "soon backed down on every charge." Then, yes, he would give permission for "a school," but

Bible-readers he would have to see for himself. "All a game to stop my work." Where should that French teacher come from? No one sent from New York; no promise of one. No French teacher, no school. It would be unendurable to lose the advantage that had been wrenched from the commandant. It was not lost. A young African was secured who had learned French at the Jesuit mission. "This I do with the knowledge and approval of all my brethren." No fear of a traitor in camp, because there was "not enough religion there of any sort" to have been absorbed. A school was opened, the young man put in charge, and the event justified the measure.

No earthly commandant could stop the current which had begun to move in men's hearts on the Ogowĕ. The Spirit of God was in it.

Every year in October, in that equatorial region, the skies open and tropical rains pour down. They last for weeks; and what began, like the tuning of an orchestra, with an ominous drum, drumming, upon countless green leaves, swells to a wild, pauseless symphony,

reverberating through the whole vast, shadowy forest. All the streams hear it—some of them mentionable rivers themselves—and they forget their old banks, they spread out in lakes, and with accelerated heart-beat rush forward to bury themselves in the bosom of the mighty Ogowĕ. She hears them coming, and, always rapid, as broad at two hundred miles from sea as the Delaware is at Philadelphia, she welcomes them with a quickened pulsation. Her current strengthens to fully five miles an hour. Low sand-banks, patches of papyrus, and small islands are drowned out of view. Vines wont to swing far up on palm-stem and redwood branch now dip and trail in the water's edge, and floating islands glide down-stream. The bush is alive with vivified ants, and lizards, and glistening snakes swinging from boughs overhead, while hippopotamuses troop away to find shallow lagoons.

And in the heart of the human dweller along its banks, who, perhaps, distrusting his house foundations, has climbed to a perch in a tree to sleep, the dread of the Ogowĕ grows

night by night as he harks to the roar of the forest wind, the crashing of some giant tree or a boat-house swept away, or a startling shriek, warning him that another canoe has been engulfed. Morning by morning he looks out on an awesome sight, for the Ogowĕ covers a vast area. By the tenth day it has risen twenty feet in front of his door. You cannot legislate the rise of the Ogowĕ in the rains.

At the beginning of 1886 thirty-eight souls, gathered out of paganism, constituted the church [1] of Jesus Christ on the Ogowĕ. But the tide was rising; ten years after there were six hundred Christians there.

All 1886 each quarterly communion was a high-day and a holiday at Kângwĕ. One is reminded of the old observance of sacraments in the Highlands of Scotland. Canoes came flocking from every waterside for fifty miles around. They came on Wednesday or Thursday before communion Sunday, and the peo-

[1] The first converts were taken to the coast to be baptized, and united by letter when the church was organized in 1879, with nine members, three of them on confession of faith.

ple lived on the mission premises five, six, seven days together. Every one brought the inevitable mosquito net of strong cloth; and when they had been hung over stakes driven into the ground, there was presented an encampment of multicolored tents, which surrounded the church, overflowed the mission yard, and made points where light played in the shade of the plantain grove, under the oil palm and mango trees. In true African style, they all had brought cooking utensils and provisions; and when the sudden tropical night fell, and the pale equatorial moonlight spangled the Ogowĕ, only fifty yards from their feet, picturesque cooking fires shone here and there, and the people sat around them in homelike fashion, eating a supper of cassava, roasted plantains, and dried elephant meat. The echo of tom-toms across the river easily located some heathen dance; but the loudest sound on Kângwĕ Hill was the chorus of voices singing the beautiful new Mpōngwĕ hymns, and singing them well.

But what was to the people a joyous Feast of Tabernacles was a week of strain and care

to the missionary in charge and any associate who might come to his help for the occasion. There was the direction of preaching services every afternoon and three times on Sunday, besides those which the people held themselves every evening. There were the offerings of consecration: a fowl or a basket of eggs, a few fish or a bunch of plantains. These must all be examined and a proper due-bill given to each individual, which he places in the collection in lieu of currency. Bible-readers must render reports, receive their wages and instructions. Long hours were consumed in examining applicants for inquiry class; longer, intense hours were spent with church session at every available time of day, and far into the nights, in careful examination of candidates for baptism. Mr. Good once compared Kângwĕ communions to calling the roll of divisions of an army after battle. Christians had come by twos and threes and tens from scattered villages in each district, and calling the roll was sometimes glad, often sad, work. "From some villages comes news of victory and new re-

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THE MEMORABLE CHAPEL AT KANGWE.

cruits; from others sad stories of defeat and loss."

The missionary had at once to discharge the duties of host, mission agent, and bishop of souls. Such responsibility, dread of being deceived by flattering appearances, contact with hundreds of human beings crowded about him, even into his private apartments, all wore upon brain and spirit. "I do not pretend to sleep more than a few hours each night during communion."

In September: "It was the busy season, and we expected to add only eight or ten to the roll of inquirers. After a great deal of sifting we added forty-three, making the whole number about ninety. Of course these figures must not be taken for their full face value. Not all of these ninety persons will finally become baptized members of the Ogowĕ Church, but a large part of them will. There is enough to convince us that the Spirit of God is at work mightily here.

"We see a marked increase of spirituality within the church, a disposition to call offenders to account instead of shielding

them, as was too common formerly. Christians are beginning to realize their duty to preach Christ; in some quarters they begin to give to his cause. God was at work when we had least reason, apparently, to expect it, and now, having seen his power, we realize what we might accomplish *by* his power. Pray with us that his hand be not stayed till he work a great change in this river region."

From Lōngwĕ and Nĕngĕ they brought over ten dollars in fish to the collection. "Nĕngĕ is a town I had given up. The last time I passed, the people were so drunk that I passed without preaching; now six or eight men at one time gathered their fetishes and threw them into the Ogowĕ. Women are beginning to come."

Of December communion he reports to his wife: "More than two hundred stayed somewhere about the houses. They put boards under the big house and stayed there. Unprotected women were admitted to the dining-room, and twelve mosquito nets were put up there. Boat-house crowded. The collection about twenty dollars. Baptized

eight. Received eighty-one new inquirers; total, one hundred and sixty-three, of whom forty are women—the most encouraging feature, for at the beginning of the year there were only three or four women in the church. The change is like a waking from the dead.

"I wish I had a good man here on whom to roll a part of this responsibility."

As the year closes there is an urgent voice at the secretary's door in New York: "What we need now is help. Already I have had the most dangerous form of fever twice. The doctor says I ought to go home now—not that I have any notion of acting on this advice; but should I break down without another man here, it would be disastrous. More now depends on constant, careful supervision than anything else except the presence of the Holy Spirit."

He begs that an assistant be sent in time to learn the language and gain the confidence of the people, especially to learn how to take care of his health in the African climate, before he should be left alone. "To begin alone would be almost certain death."

In connection with his annual report, January, 1887, Mr. Good repeats his earnest request:

"I beg to remind the Board of the necessity of at once sending us assistance. We must acknowledge that God has been far more faithful in blessing the gospel than we have been in preaching it. The work done by myself has been little enough—nothing compared with what ought to be done. The main part was done by five Bible-readers. My field is so extensive, all I could attempt was to inspect their work occasionally. It is these men who have brought the gospel weekly to scores of villages scattered up and down the Ogowĕ for a hundred miles. Each is provided with a small canoe and two or three boys to help handle it; thus fitted out, he is expected to visit as often as possible all the towns in his district. It is to the efforts of these men, more than all other influences combined, that we are to ascribe, under God, this awakening we have enjoyed. But it will not do to overestimate their efficiency and neglect to provide anything better.

"If each of these men were educated, or being educated, so that, when in a few years each of these Bible-reading stations has become a church, he could be licensed to preach, and when his church had grown strong to support him could be ordained its pastor, then the plan would be perfect. But I am sorry to say these men are utterly unfit for such a work. They are only useful because the mass of the people are so ignorant. Some of them can barely read their own language, none read well; and they write a little in characters that are fearfully and wonderfully made. When their modicum of knowledge becomes the property of the many their usefulness will be past, unless they can be educated so as to keep in advance of the people."

This awakening was connected with no prospect of gaining worldly advancement. Few converts could be employed by the mission, and conversion would require many, by refusing to deal in rum and by honoring the Sabbath, to lose positions in trade. All who had more than one wife were bound to incur

loss of dowries. Still, one hundred and sixty men and women this year decided for Christ in the Ogowĕ. "If the Holy Ghost has not done it, what has?"

But the missionary's ideal was not to be blurred by a measured success. The converts and inquirers were from several different tribes, but so far there was not one Fâng. One Bible-reader spoke Fâng fluently, and was so located as to visit frequently fifteen or twenty Fâng towns. "The only one for twenty or thirty thousand Fâng within easy reach of Kângwĕ! What is one among so many?"

Still the tide was rising on the Ogowĕ. There were more troubled consciences than ever in 1887. At March communion extra benches filled every available space on Sunday. Scarcely any were mere spectators; almost all were members or inquirers. Only six were baptized, for inquirers were obliged to complete a year in the class before baptism. There were now two hundred and forty-nine inquirers from five different tribes, speaking languages as different as German and English.

Spiritual earnestness was the token on every hand. Church members in general held daily prayer and Sabbath services wherever they were, and inquirers went long distances to be present.

Two problems now confront the missionary:

1. "How are all these inquirers to be instructed?" Answered, by increasing the efficiency of Bible-readers. They and other picked young men, a normal class of twelve, are brought to Kângwĕ for a month of hard study and again sent forth.

2. Books were required. "I could have sold a hundred primers communion week. At the rate they are called for, a year will exhaust all the Mpōngwĕ books we have in print, except hymn-books." This problem is solved by two Mpōngwĕ manuscripts, which spring up like Jonah's gourd, and are promptly mailed to America to be printed while Mrs. Good is there to read proofs. As for money to pay the printer, his butterfly net has provided for "the tract," and he "would rather foot the bill" for five hundred primers also "than not to have them right

away." The church in America was poor, and the missionary paid for the primers!

Difficulty with the colonial government had never ceased. There were constant opportunities for sub-officials, clothed with a brief authority and backed by a Mohammedan soldiery and police from Senegal, to be exasperating towards Americans. One fact only prevented rupture: a *modus vivendi* had been established by opening the French school at Kângwĕ, and by the promise of the missionaries to do all in their power to secure French teachers. In view of the situation, the mission, in January, 1887, passed the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, In view of the settled educational policy of the French rulers of this colony, it is, and in our opinion always will be, impossible for us to carry on our work here, except under most crippling and vexatious restraints; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we strongly urge upon the Board the advisability of transferring to a French Protestant society the whole of our Gaboon and Ogowĕ work."

A committee of the mission also reported[1] that should the mission continue to hold the Gaboon and Ogowĕ districts, "we have no hope of making further advance therein," and requested the Board "as soon as possible to take steps with the German government" in the north to extend efforts in that direction. "We are under the impression that, Germany being a Protestant power, we would be free from the seizure and burning of our people's Bibles by Romish priests, at present unchecked by our French rulers."

A few months later, a new secretary[2] having been placed in charge of the Africa mission, Mr. Good sent him greeting:

"I cannot say that I congratulate you on the task you have undertaken. Missionaries in Africa are apt to be bilious, and a bilious man is proverbially hard to please. The climate is at times terribly depressing, and when everything looks blue we are apt to blame the Board with it all, just as foolish people at home blame the government for poor crops. That Dr. Lowrie has lived to

[1] Signed "W. G. Gault," "R. H. Nassau."

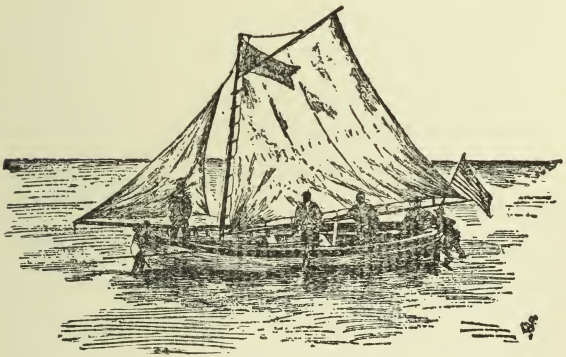
[2] Rev. John Gillespie, D.D.

his age with this incubus on him is little less than a miracle. . . . You have taken up this work at a trying time. Great changes must be made in the near future, and only divine guidance can keep us short-sighted mortals from mistakes."

On the subject of the proposed transfer, this letter advocates the measure, largely on the ground that arrest of educational work will in the end defeat the very object of the mission.

"You will say, 'Why not go on as you have done, without schools, devoting all your time to preaching?' *Because no mission can be permanently successful in such a country as Africa without education.* What can I do with three hundred and fifty inquirers scattered over a breadth of fifty and a length of one hundred miles? The one Ogowĕ church must soon become four. Who is to take charge of them? If we go on organizing churches without a native ministry, what can it ever amount to? In Africa, not only the vast multitudes to be reached, but the deadly climate, forbid the thought that white men

can ever be more than beginners and leaders in giving the gospel to her people. . . . I would not underrate God's power or resources, but he uses means. Men who do not sow cannot harvest. We have one licensed preacher in the Ogowĕ field, and after that nothing. It will take years to prepare men who are needed here, and this educational work cannot be done in either English or the vernacular."



MISSION SURF-BOAT.

CHAPTER VI

Life and Solitude on the Ogowĕ
September 1886—December 1887

ANOTHER side to life on the Ogowĕ is suggested by Mr. Good's letters to his absent wife.

"Kângwĕ, Sabbath evening, 8:30, September 5, 1886. For a long time it has been a fixed rule with me never to write a letter on Sunday; but I do so many worse things on Sabbath than writing to my wife that I will make her case an exception. I am somewhat at a loss how to write. If I could know just how you are feeling I could come nearer the mark. If, when this reaches you, you are perfectly happy with your friends, I don't want to come in with a clumsy effort at soothing your loneliness, and tell you not to weep overmuch over our long separation.

On the other hand, if this letter finds you crying your eyes out over your poor husband far away among cannibal mosquitoes, then my foolishness might seem like trifling with your most sacred feelings. . . . Hope to start up-river in two days, then down, preparing for communion. . . . If it were not for making you homesick, I could tell you how lovely the Ogowĕ is now. The cloudy weather is past, and it is clear, except a little while at noon. Fish is plenty; I have all the grenadillas[1] that I ought to eat, and it is so quiet. *Don't* you wish you were here? . . . When I get lonely you will hear nothing about it.

"October 8. If the sand-flies allow, I will write you a letter this morning, to go by regular Portuguese mail. . . . I am anxious to know how B—— [his two-years-old son] takes in civilization. I fancy he would like as well to be back among the goats and butterflies of Africa. He will not find the natives of America as obedient to his commands as those here, and he will probably be a good deal disgusted when grown men and women

[1] Fruit of a passion-vine.

refuse to come at his call. Tell him that Folaba has one of the prettiest little kids I ever saw. . . .

"There is a rumor that duties are to be taken off imports and put on exports. Unless they put a duty on sick missionaries going home, this would be a decided gain to our mission; it would save much of this nuisance of receiving goods. . . . The rains have just begun; no tornadoes yet. Bats are bad. Hope to get cartridges for shot-gun by the *Angola;* then the war will begin. . . .

"Hope next week to go out to Lake Azyingo and down the small river. . . . The worst is, I am becoming demoralized mentally, and especially spiritually. Trials seem to make me worse and worse. I am ashamed to go on doing my work with so little heart in it. I feel like running away; but to leave my work would only make me worse, not better."

[Specimen experience on board a river steamer.]

"November. We were going around the islands at the entrance of the Ogowĕ, and

there we stuck in the mud. The captain had spent his life running sailing-vessels and knew nothing of the management of a steamer. Twice we got off and twice we ran on worse than before, till a part of the cargo had to be removed to the island near by. In short, we stayed at that delectable place from Thursday afternoon till Saturday morning. Once in the river, the captain had no more to do with the ship and we got on better. I am glad you were not on board. The captain was the queerest old stick, kind and good-hearted, but so wanting in manners. The food was a caution. There was one course of meat, almost always the same—roast beef. We were seven white men, and, if real hungry, I could eat the whole business. Imagine how careful we had to be to make it go around! The captain saw the danger, and so helped himself first. He would sing out, 'Come to chop,' and, while we were taking seats, help himself to about one third of all the meat, then pass it. You would have laughed to see him. We had no vegetable but rice, and once string-beans. While we were aground fish

were plenty. There was, fortunately, bread and butter and cheese in sufficiency.

"Tell B—— I bought him a pet, a young bushcat. It has a very sharp nose, body the color of a raccoon, tail very thick at the base and running to a point."

[Letters from his wife having been sent past Kângwĕ to a French trading-house up-river.]

"December. They may be returned in ten days, may go on to Stanley Pool. It is interesting, I tell you. However, I have not given up hearing from you altogether. If I live to a ripe old age, I hope some of your letters will reach me to be a comfort in my declining years.

"The usual number of people are going wrong, and an encouraging number are trying to go right."

[Referring to obstacles raised by a French official.]

"He has found a law of 1781 (how is that for finding laws?) which gave the commandant authority to examine the character of 'missionaries' before allowing them to labor

in the colony. I gave him an account of all the young men, accepted all his terms, and await his decision. He is anxious to stop the Bible-readers. It is not pleasant to have so much responsibility resting on me. I have scored several points in the mission's favor; but one cannot see ahead, and if I blunder it will be bad for all. I have made up my mind, if he does not allow the Bible-readers to go on, to refuse to submit to the law. If he brings me up, I shall claim that the law does not apply."

[His claim would be that the law read "missionaries," which the black men were not; their title was either "Bible-reader" or "catechist."]

"To-day I have tackled accounts, and Monday begin stock-taking. [Of mission goods, which take the place of currency in Africa.] You know how I like that."

[Care, feverish days, isolation, were beginning to tell. No one in his house but black boys.]

"I am getting irritable and cross, and find it impossible to deal with people and things

equably. Things look to me favorable or unfavorable just according to the humor I happen to be in, and I am in a bad humor pretty much of the time.

"January, 1887. I came up (from mission meeting at Baraka) by Fernan Vaz; saw a lot of new country and a lot of people needing the gospel. They wanted me to do something for them, and I promised to take a trip through there. It means a journey of three weeks; don't see how I can leave for so long."

[Referring to the possibility of going to America to bring his wife.]

"In the present state of our mission there is no honorable course for me but to stay on the old craft as long as I possibly can. The Board, the church, and you would despise me if I were to leave the field now. If I ever go home, I want to go with nothing to be ashamed of.

"But I will tell you what I have done, and you will vote it about the most selfish thing I ever proposed. I laid a request before mission which opens the way for you to come out again in the summer, if you are well

enough and willing, I to go to England for you. I should be absent from Africa nine or ten weeks. It would be a change that would enable me to stay here two years longer. Until I hear from you I shall not lift a finger. When I think of the comforts and friends that surround you, inviting you out to this land of bush and mosquitoes to relieve my loneliness seems unvarnished selfishness.

"January 26. Ogula is cook and very faithful, only he wants to cook twice as many things and twice as much of each as I can eat. It is the time of green corn and *inkula* nuts, and there are *sour-sops;* altogether, I fare sumptuously every day. Evenings at Kângwĕ are the most lonely, when mosquitoes make it impossible to read or write, and I can only walk the floor and think. But don't worry; I am not going to die of homesickness in a hurry. . . . To leave work here for personal comfort would be little less than treason. My health is provokingly good.

"Holland[1] sends me some beautiful plates

[1] Chancellor Holland, Western University of Pennsylvania, to whom Mr. Good sent specimens of butterflies and moths.

and drawings; says he has an article in the printer's hands describing three new species and three hitherto undiscovered females. I am still finding a few new things.

"February. One good sign is the number of books sold. I sell Scriptures almost every day, often to strangers. Sometimes men from down-river bringing food will buy two or three books at a time, evidently for other people. There must be from one to two hundred people learning to read on this river now.

"April. Last month took a trip of eight days down-river to Lake Avanga, on the south side of the Ogowĕ—a narrow lake running inland ten miles and containing ten or twelve towns of Nkâmis, Akĕlĕs, and Fâng. I was the first missionary who ever visited them. Came home by way of the small river. In all parts of our field I found a fairly encouraging state of affairs.

"In one respect this was the worst trip I ever made. I thought I knew about mosquitoes before, but all I have ever seen is nothing to that trip. At Asyuka, where I slept two

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LONGWE, A CHARACTERISTIC OGOWE TOWN.

nights, after dark it was impossible to sit. I left my supper half eaten and fled to the street, where I walked till bedtime. The thickest clothes seemed no protection. If I sat down for a moment near a lamp, literally hundreds would be biting me. When I stirred them up, it was not mosquitoes I saw, but a swarm like bees. One night at Lōngwĕ they got into my net. I fought them till I was tired, then fell asleep and let them go ahead. If I did not find two hundred mosquitoes full of blood in that net, then I cannot guess. Even by day, if I walked in the bush and stopped a moment, my legs would be covered. The people say the great quantity of *obbos* that have gone to waste in the bush this year is the cause of their numerousness.

"The big question now is, what to do with these crowded communions. The strain on the nerves of having all these people about is something fearful. They are quiet and orderly, but there is danger of abuses growing out of such gatherings. I must divide and hold communions in different districts.

But there are no buildings, and it would mean long absences from Kângwĕ, and here is a school requiring constant oversight. I don't know what to do with it all. I feel like running away and getting from under the responsibility. The very success of the work makes me feel utterly insufficient. But enough of whining.

"Am sorry B—— does not want to come back and live with 'black people.' We could catch butterflies, and shoot squirrels and big birds, and go in the boat. In going about from place to place, you will need to be careful, not so much of his health as of his manners. People often act as if spoiling children were a virtue. I say this, not that you do not know it, but to show you that I realize the difficulties of your position.

"May. We get, on an average, one mail a month. I have waited a week now for American mail. I give it up, and start tomorrow for a trip to the lakes. I don't feel like writing. Things are just as they were when I wrote last. The water of the Ogowĕ is still flowing. I suppose each day it is new

water that passes, but it looks much like the same old water; and so of everything else.

"Later. This morning was dull and heavy, the beginning of dry season, and I felt in sympathy. This afternoon the sun has come out, I have bought a nice piece of fresh hippopotamus meat, caught a new species of butterfly, and feel in better humor.

"Should you decide to meet me in England, I will leave to you the business of laying in a stock of provisions. You can choose better than I. Get the best American provisions going. We are nearly out of everything. In a month or two I shall have nothing but fresh herring two years old. My meals take from three to five minutes."

[Having heard that Mrs. Good will come to England in August, he arranges for the meeting.]

"May 24. . . . Now those are my plans, and (D. V.) I will carry them out to the letter, so you may know what to depend upon.

"Another matter has been a subject of much meditation and anxiety, and I now submit it to you for decision. I shall act on

your advice if I get it in time. After you left I was very careless of my personal appearance, and neglected to shave. As the result, the hair has grown all over my face until I do not believe my own wife would know me. What is to be done with that beard? It is a great convenience in my bachelor life, as it completely conceals the fact that I have on neither collar nor necktie; but of course when you come back such unworthy subterfuges must be given up. What —shall I do—with—this—beard? Write—telegraph!

"The music came all right, and will be enjoyed when you get back; but I feel too much like the Jews beside the waters of Babylon to care for music now.

"June. Last week enrolled thirty-two inquirers in Wâmbâlia alone. In far-off Lake Ogĕmwĕ, where I have been only once, and that nearly two years ago and found the people in blankest ignorance of everything spiritual I am told many want to become Christians, through the influence only of Christians who have at different times visited

in the towns. I shall strain a point to visit them before communion. . . .

"You could never guess what I have gone through to-day and how exhausted I am after it. Actually, I cleaned house! Let me tell you how I did it. I took my writing-table into my bedroom, shut myself in, called the boys, and told them to take everything out of the parlor, clean, and put back again. Twice during the afternoon I looked in to see that they were working, and really, now it is over, I am not as fatigued as I thought I should be, and the room looks well, too; only it will take a week or so to find where anything is. . . . When at last (if I am spared) I get aboard ship and her head sets north, I shall give myself up to the anticipation of our meeting. Till then may God keep us, and may we meet to part no more."

By instructions from the Board, Mr. Good went to Paris in September and held an interview with officers of the Protestant missionary society. The result was a promise from them to send three teachers to the mission as

soon as possible, and also commissioners to look over the Ogowĕ field with a view to possible acceptance of it in the future.

In this interview the question of wine-drinking was one of the most delicate to be introduced. "We missionaries are all as a matter of course teetotalers. It was with fear and trembling that I suggested the matter. . . . They admitted that the drink sold to the natives would ruin them, and that, as Christians, we were right in abstaining for the sake of weak brethren, and they promised that the teachers employed should have the matter laid on their consciences."

After an absence of three months and twelve days, Mr. Good was again at his post in the mission, and his report for the year begins with expression of thankfulness for the health and safe return of his family, and, "above and better than all else, the Holy Spirit has been with us and wrought a great work. The church has doubled numerically, and, I think, has fully doubled its strength."

CHAPTER VII

Events in Rapid Evolution
1888—October, 1890

SUCH relations were now established between the Board of Foreign Missions in New York and the *Société des Missions Évangéliques* that in the spring of 1888 four men were sent from Paris to the Gaboon Mission in the capacity of teachers and mechanics. These were intended as forerunners of ordained men who should ultimately carry the gospel where French explorers had gone on the Upper Ogowĕ. The colonial authorities were gratified by their arrival, and at Kângwĕ they were joyfully received. One of these French teachers soon had a school of sixty boys; another was able to take charge of the station in Mr. Good's constant absences among the towns. "So," he wrote, "if God gives

me and my family health to hold on till these men get the work in hand, and expected recruits be sent from Paris and also get the language, that for which I have been working nearly five years will have been accomplished. What I shall do after that, or what will be done with me, does not trouble me, and I have given the matter little thought. For the present my work is here, to guide this flock and gradually accustom them to their new shepherds, so that they may follow them and not be scattered when they hear their strange voice.

"A few weeks ago I received a call from Herr Kundt, who has lately been exploring back of Kameruns. Five or six days from Batanga he passed the mountains and found himself on a high, grass-covered table-land twenty to twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, apparently healthy and densely peopled by, as he thought, branches of the Fâng nation. Here, it struck me, is our field. We could make Batanga our base and reach this interior table-land. But would Germany allow us to work there untrammeled? If we

were to promise to teach German at Batanga, is it possible that restrictions would be laid on what we might undertake in the interior? If we are to be prevented from entering such open doors, I shall feel that the Christian nations have become the worst enemies of Christianity."

Here, though he did not know it, was struck the key-note of a new departure which was to cost him toil and sacrifice, yea, his own life also, while across his grave an outpost of Christianity would be planted one step forward towards the heart of Africa.

Of the years of the Great Awakening in the Ogowĕ, 1888 was signally reaping-time. Ninety-four persons were promoted from inquiry class into the church, and about four hundred were under instruction for baptism. No one knew so well as the missionary, who went himself in and out of their forest-hidden villages, in what wicked surroundings these Christians lived. "My wonder is that any stand." But even in his conservative judgment, they stood the test. "A change has taken place in hearts, and is taking place in communities, which is nothing less than a

miracle. Where this work has been firmly rooted the people are slowly and painfully struggling up to a better life. The field is dead ripe."

The last of Kângwĕ mass-communions was held in March. The hundred-miles-long parish was then divided into three sections, and in June there were three session meetings instead of one, three sets of inquirers instructed instead of one, and the missionary held communion successively at Kângwĕ, twenty miles below at Wâmbâlia, and at Igenja, fifty miles down-river. Now those who had never been to Kângwĕ saw the Lord's Table, for the first time in history, spread in their wilderness. The white cloth and silver were brought in the boat, carefully wrapped; and from the decorum of that Table and the reverence which surrounded the sacred emblems there went forth an influence solemn and wholesome into the lawless bush. The people of Wâmbâlia and Igenja began building chapels with their own hands, and the next step would be organization of churches in these towns.

The three years' revival was not followed by sudden coldness. Steady accessions of believers continued through the fourth year. At the end of 1889 there had been "almost no cases of deliberately going back to the world"; while "a good many had fallen into sin," repentance was hopeful of "all but one or two." Could more be reasonably expected of Africans at this stage of recovery from wild heathenism?

Visitation of his flock required the missionary's absence from home half the time, yet six weeks of the summer (1889) were consumed in a tour on the sea coast, acting on a visiting committee for the mission, to Batanga and to inspect several fields in charge of African helpers. The report of this tour is characteristically thorough and clear.

At Bata: "As communion had been held, I confined myself to an examination of the condition of the church. Called session together and went over with them the roll of members." There follows in detail the number in "good standing," men and women separately counted, those "suspended,"

"awaiting discipline," "excommunicated," deaths, dismissals, and inquirers. The chapel is reported on; its capacity, "boards of the floors *hewed* from trees in the forest." The fact is noted that it was built by Bata people themselves, who, now that it is too small, propose to rebuild. "All these northern churches have shown a good deal of pluck in building for themselves, but I find that material and work are given mostly by a few. Collections are taken up only once in three months. I urged monthly collections, and tried to show them that if all would help they could not only build a church of which they might be proud, but afterwards could easily contribute ——'s salary, and he could then be made their pastor." The Sabbath audience and Sunday-school pass under analysis. The latter "left a great deal to be desired; singing all through was poor." Lack of a Bible-reader is commented upon, as well as the eldership, on both the spiritual and material sides. Of one, "He is the ablest man I met on the coast," and his occupation and social standing are defined. Exact location

of the church, its environment and reach, are discussed and the summing up is made: "Remember how little has been done. This half-educated man and a [missionary's] visit once, or at most twice, a year to hold communion. When one considers the success, he cannot help asking, If there were a man here to speak the language fluently, full of fire and activity, what hinders that thousands might be converted in a year?" Reviewing the condition of other churches, the same thought is uppermost. "I cannot help the feeling that only faithful work is needed to win the whole country to Christ."

But this is no one-sided reporter who sees only what he has gone to see. A disorderly session is faithfully described: "They would get into angry dispute about nothing; would all talk at once; I had to reprove them sharply." The offenses of suspended members are enumerated in no euphemistic terms: "Several for adultery, two for keeping slaves, a few for trading in rum, whipping their wives, or fighting, two for taking dowry for daughters. The fact that the last is re-

garded an offense by the church indicates a tremendous advance."

Characteristics of people in different localities are discriminated. At one place "they are proud and difficult to manage; on the other hand, they are energetic and aggressive."

At Batanga Mr. Good saw the explorer Kundt again, and learned all he could of the interior table-land.

"If we were only ready to send some one in to look over that country and get the language! But of course the first step is to occupy Batanga. By that time a road doubtless will have been cut through the coast forest belt; then, at least, we ought to follow and give the gospel to those multitudes. . . . Until I must return to America, my work is cut out for me in the Ogowĕ. In all I have said I have no wish to suggest myself for any part of that work; but this field has kindled my enthusiasm, and I long to see it occupied by men who will make it a success."

Among those whose names are associated by all the world with Africa, Bishop Hanning-

ton is the man whom our missionary most resembled. Very unlike Hannington in the circumstance of birth into a home of elegance and wealth; inferior to Hannington in social training, in ardor and expression of spiritual life; his superior in early intelligent dedication to God; ecclesiastically at opposite poles —there was between the two men a marked likeness of natural gifts and traits. Had they met they must have been congenial friends. When the American boy was on his second term at Glade Run Academy, the English curate, nine years his senior, went to his first missionary meeting, and "was made to speak, much against my will, as I know nothing about the subject and take little interest in it." Both went to Africa in 1882.

Taking up a sketch[1] of the bishop's life, sentences here and there are accurately appropriate to our young American. Of Hannington's characteristics, so of Adolphus Good: "Love for his mother, fondness for nature, great courage for exploits."

[1] Abridged from Dawson's "Life of Bishop Hannington," published at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"A born naturalist."

"Enjoyed nothing so much as telling a ludicrous story against himself."

At college: "There was an indefinable charm about this bright, queer, passionate, fun-loving, unconquerable undergraduate, . . . a strong undercurrent of genuine kindliness and genial love for mankind."

"Contempt for canting protestations of superior piety."

Of going to Africa: "His home church sought to dissuade him, saying that his success showed he could serve God as well in an English [American] parish as in a heathen country."

In African travel: He might "suffer intolerably and yet be the life of the party, never permitting his companions' spirits to flag. They testify that he was full of thoughtful acts and gave them the best and easiest places. . . . When food failed and *they* could not buy and would have starved, his tact succeeded."

In estimate of Africans: "I agree with Livingstone that they are capable of high

culture and compare favorably with the early history of civilized nations."

James Hannington once traveling on a Rhine boat which took fire, his journey was delayed, and the pilot advised him that he would not be able to keep his appointment at Cologne. "I have undertaken to be there" was the answer, and there he was on the day appointed. So sacredly regarded were Adolphus Good's appointments, so scrupulously kept, often in the face of extraordinary obstacles. But there was one masterful element which even his indomitable will and perseverance could not control. It was the force that conquers every white man in Equatorial Africa. "Our society," said the agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in New York, "*does not wish* to receive an application from a missionary to the West Coast of Africa."

From his inspecting tour Mr. Good returned to the Ogowĕ with the expressed purpose not to take a furlough to America before the end of 1890. Two ordained French missionaries [1]

[1] Rev. Messrs. Allégret and Teisserès.

had arrived in his absence, and were at once invited to accompany him on his journeys. Into the midst of these activities—traveling, preaching, introducing the strangers to African life, speaking constantly in Mpŏngwĕ, Fâng, French (to which he had been quietly applying himself)—suddenly that subtle, unconquerable African force laid its finger upon him. For the third time he was prostrated with hematuric fever. The ninth day he was carried on a folding cot to a steam launch owned by a trading-house and hurried down-river, and, as soon as harrowing delays permitted, after hanging between life and death, out to sea, bound for America. With the first breath of the Atlantic he opened his eyes; but even after reaching Liverpool there was yet a sharp conflict before he came off victor over his enemy.

Mr. Good landed with his family in New York, September 20, and having made his salutations at the Mission House, his secretary well remembers the characteristic gesture with which he exclaimed: "Now, the voyage has straightened me out; give me something

to do, or I shall die." The ninth day after, he was giving a missionary talk at Pittsburg.

In his native air the sallow African color yielded at last, and he rapidly recovered the splendid health which was natural to him. His finely knit figure, manly bearing, clear eye, powerful voice, alert activity, simplicity of purpose, devotion to Africa, made a powerful impression upon the audiences which he addressed from New York to Nebraska. He was equally adaptable Sunday morning in the pulpit of a wealthy city church, or in the little hamlet of his boyhood where he held gospel services ten days consecutively, the whole countryside turning out to hear him.

His address before the students of Princeton Seminary was pronounced by one[1] who rose up, left all, and went with him to Africa, "the most powerful missionary appeal I ever heard." A pastor says: "Older people who heard him thought once more of the eloquent Duff." His speech from the platform of the mass-meeting held in connection with General Assembly was referred to six years after in

[1] Rev. W. S. Bannerman.

the same hall at Saratoga. Said the Moderator of that year[1]: "The impression of that young man, his face bronzed by a tropical sun, his burning words in behalf of Africa, the audience carried away by his enthusiasm, will never be effaced from memory."

The missionary himself would sometimes have preferred his boat on the Ogowĕ to a public appearance. "Was urged to bring 'me grip' and spend the Sabbath," he wrote his wife. "Hate to do it, for I fear it is a stylish place. . . . Am getting awfully tired of this public speaking; long to go home to wife and baby." At the same time, the society of his peers, in exchange for a black crew with their poverty of thought, was a mighty refreshment. He was absorbing information on every hand: examining modern boats and asking "innumerable questions" with reference to their use on African rivers; with the aid of a dictionary and a German friend reading two volumes of travel by Kundt, whom he had met in Africa; and, most satisfactory of all to himself, aiding the

[1] Rev. Russell Booth, D.D., 1895.

Board to secure three new men specially adapted to the conditions of the mission.

That year Washington and Jefferson College conferred on him the degree of Ph.D. "I do not deserve it," was his comment.

Dr. Good's mother died suddenly during his furlough. Thus it was, in the divine ordering of events, that, of all her sons, the one she gave to Africa called the physician for her in her last hours and stood by her dying pillow. "This is the cutting off of one of the last ties," he wrote, "that bind me to native land."

After eleven months in America, Dr. Good sailed for Africa the second time. Seven years before he had embarked solitary. In 1890 the largest[1] force for Africa, within the memory of the oldest Presbyterian, set forth together. It was a glad day. Tried missionaries were returning to their posts reinforced by the beautiful strength and promise of three young missionaries and their wives. "But when we are all located, our stations

[1] From Liverpool, they numbered twelve adults and two children.

will be only half manned. At least one will have to be manned with women alone."

One of the new couples,[1] of French-Swiss family, had been selected with special reference to the Ogowĕ, and no time was lost in conducting them to Kângwĕ. A common incident of steam travel in those parts, the captain's drunken condition, created unnecessary risks on the voyage between Gaboon and Kângwĕ. Dr. Good stood guard.

"The tide drifted him towards the hospital ship, and he failed to see it; when he did signal to the engineer, the latter was not in condition to notice it (drink again), and the captain rushed below and got the engines started barely in time to prevent a collision. Then we had to run close round a sandy cape; but as it was bright moonlight, a child ought to have been able to do it. But our captain was very full and could not see the sand bank. We were within three ships'

[1] Rev. and Mrs. Herman Jacot, "our co-laborers," wrote Dr. Good, "and a couple better fitted in both head and heart for this work it would be hard to find." Mr. Jacot died at Kângwĕ, October 29, 1895. A Christian gentleman and consecrated missionary.

length and running full speed into it, and the captain was standing at the wheel airily talking about how he would round the point when he reached it. I said, 'Captain, you are running ashore,' and just then we struck, fortunately in a bed of sand *inside* the point. Had we struck outside, the steamship *Eloby* would have been pounded to pieces before morning by the heavy swells. I did not retire till I saw the captain safely asleep and the ship in the hands of the mate and pointing well out from land."

News of the missionaries' return had run in advance, in the mysterious African way, and as soon as the *Eloby* reached the first village where Christians were living, groups were descried from her deck, standing on the beach and gazing inquiringly towards the passengers. The ladies' dresses, and especially the small white boy, settled all doubts. Then began a pantomime on shore which became more steadily continuous as villages thickened and progress was nearer and nearer towards Kângwĕ. The noise of the steamer's machinery drowned the shouts along the river bank;

but plainly there was shouting as black forms moved and postured, pointing, beckoning, dancing, running to call an absent one, tossing hats and arms in the air. And so, with miles long of joyous, childlike welcome, they reached Kângwĕ landing, past midnight of October 27.

"I wish," wrote Dr. Good, "that some of the croakers who do not believe the African can appreciate what is done for him could have been with us on that steamer and heard the chorus of voices shouting, as we landed, '*Akeva Anyambiĕ! Akeva Anyambiĕ!*' ('Thanks be to God! Thanks to God!') I have not heard a prayer since my return that was not full of thanksgiving to God for permitting us to come back. When we left so suddenly, they confess they were cast down, and their discouragement was increased by reports, circulated by the Roman Catholics, that I had died, and, when that was disproved, that I would not return. I believe we are on the eve of better days than ever before."



THE OGOWE RIVER AT KANGWE.



THE MISSION HOUSE ON KANGWE HILL.

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CHAPTER VIII

Another Stage at Kângwĕ
November 1890—1891

A VIGOROUS inspection of his great parish was inaugurated at once after Dr. Good's return to Africa, and his unvarnished reports went home to America.

"The state of the work is a good deal mixed; some sad falls; inquirers grown careless. No denying the fact that in general Christians have decidedly cooled off, especially in out-of-the-way places. At Ngândâ: Talked to a small audience who manifested small interest. At Olamba: A large company of Christians welcomed us. The gospel has in fact prevailed; the town seems completely transformed. At Ajumba: Found old Afanganângâ a mere skeleton, evidently near death. He and his people have exhausted all

their superstitions to work a cure, but have given it up as hopeless. Now, Afanganângâ seems disposed to look to God in his extremity, and who knows but he may be accepted even yet? At Lōngwĕ: Nearly all the women who were enrolled as inquirers have been guilty of adultery. The falling away of so many can only show that the work there was very superficial. Was glad to get away from the place, even though it was to enter the blank heathenism of the lower river.

"In two Syeki towns, people listened well; in a third, listened intently. At Nĕngĕ, people saw my helmet and ran into the bush, having heard a rumor that M. de Brazza was seizing men to serve as soldiers. Almost impossible to gain their confidence; and this is where, on a former journey, I supposed I made so favorable an impression. At Enyonga, hundreds of people believe in the gospel, but they are depending upon some sinful course for their living and are not ready to sacrifice all for Christ. Mbora was stationed here in 1889. It has been trying for him, fighting heathenism single-handed.

As a music teacher he is not a success. I started a tune which they were said to know, but no two sung the same tune. Result something fearful; but the audience seemed to enjoy it. Spent the night at Ngumbi; intensely interesting service; people seemed impressed with the folly of their superstition. On the whole, encouraging and discouraging features are about equally divided."

Ten were baptized at the first communion. Given, mere babes in Christian knowledge; added, the African temperament; leave them unshepherded for a twelvemonth in their native villages, and who could look for better results? However, the chief cause of declension was not mere neglect, but a revival in the ivory and rubber trade. Prices trebled in Europe, wages—to traders, canoe-boys, house-boys—went up on the Ogowĕ, and there was a rush to its upper sources. The best Christian young men were first to go. Their families left behind, with the prospect of a year's separation, beyond reach of the Sabbath or Christian influence, surrounded by drunkenness, many were swept away by

temptation. "I long for the day," wrote Dr. Good, "when this wretched trade will be a thing of the past. Then these people will stay at home and till the soil, and the greatest hindrance to Christianity be removed."

One incident[1] of the autumn visitation must be given with somewhat of fullness.

"After having preached in five villages in the course of the day we came, about sundown, November 20, to a large town called Nengawăga, sixty miles perhaps from Kângwĕ. The people on this part of the river belong to the Orungu tribe, who occupy the region about the mouth of the Ogowĕ and to the north. When I stopped at this village in February, 1889, I was the first white man to come after the Spanish and Portuguese, who had visited all this region in quest of slaves. I preached here then, and Mbora has visited and preached at this village two or three times since. This is all they had heard of the gospel of Christ.

"The old chief, Mbiti, received me cordially,

[1] Printed in *The Church at Home and Abroad*, June, 1891.

and at once installed me in his fine large house, which stood at the head of the main street of the village. I noticed that he was staying in a much poorer house a little on one side, and I said, 'Why do you give me the whole of your fine large house?' He replied: 'I do not go into it any more.' 'Why not?' said I. 'I dare not. My doctor, or medicine man, has told me that I must not go into that house again or I will die; a demon is lying in wait for me with a club, and will kill me if I enter the door.' A crowd was standing about, and I turned the laugh on him by exclaiming in much indignation: 'So a demon with a club haunts that house, and you are afraid, but you put your guest there to be killed!' He hastened to exclaim that for me it was safe; the spirit would only be dangerous to him. Then I said, 'Do you really believe that?' He replied: 'It is so. If I even come near to the door I begin to feel hot.' 'You begin to feel afraid,' I said, and I tried to explain to him how much fear has to do with sickness and health. For ex-

ample, a Fâng woman will see her dead husband in a dream, and he will say, 'I want you; come join me in the spirit land.' Next morning she will say to her friends, 'I am going to die; my husband has called me.' Her people will try to make her forget it and cheer up, but it is useless. She pines and in a few days dies. 'Now,' I said, 'your case is similar. If you are afraid of what the medicine man told you, I would not myself urge you to enter that house. You might be so worried by your fears that you would lose your appetite and perhaps sicken and die. But if you had faith in God, and courage to walk into that house without fear, it would harm you no more than me.' He admitted the force of all that I said, but still the old fear remained.

"I tried another tack. 'Did the medicine man who told you this live in your town, or does he belong to another family?' I knew that these doctors always come from a distance and have usually no honor among their own people. 'He came from down-river,' said the old chief. 'Ah, I understand it now.

You are one of the first chiefs in your tribe. You have built a house that is an honor to your town. This medicine man is jealous of your greatness, and so he takes this way of making your fine house useless to you.'

"This no doubt true explanation, at least in part, set the old chief and others to thinking. But when I called the people together for evening service, Mbiti asked me to hold it, not in the large front room, as I thought of doing, but in the street, where he could sit near by. He was still afraid to enter his house. He seemed convinced, but still did not care to take any risk. I have repeatedly noticed this. A man may be so thoroughly convinced of the folly of his superstitions that he will neglect them, but he will never throw away his fetishes or violate a command of a medicine man, until the converting power of the Spirit has set him free from his bondage of fear.

"I wish you could have seen that meeting. A table was set in the middle of the street and on it was my lantern. At this I sat, and around me was my audience—fifty or sixty

people. Many living in the place were away; you almost never find more than a third of the people of a town at home. It was a brilliant moonlight night, about an hour after dark. The world seemed asleep and the time a fitting one for drawing near to God.

"I spoke to them of their neglect of God, their Maker. I reminded them that they knew God, and their fathers had known him and called him *Anyambiĕ*, before they ever heard of white men. I said, 'I come not to introduce a new religion, but to reëstablish the religion of your fathers; for they must have once worshiped God, whose name has come down to you. This high and noble worship you have given up for foolish superstitions, which are an offense to God and a disgrace to yourselves.' I pointed them to the fact that they knew clearly right and wrong; that they had a book which every one could read without going to school, written in their hearts by the finger of God; but they had deliberately violated its precepts.

"All this time the most intense interest—not

a dissenting murmur; only low exclamations of approval. Tired as I was before I began, I talked an hour. When that solemn meeting closed, and the last strains of 'Delay not, delay not!' (in Mpōngwĕ, of course) had died away, every one drew a long breath, which was almost a sigh. For a moment no one spoke. Then the old chief said 'there could be no further doubt; it was all clear at every point, and whoever would not believe now had no head.' To have seen that audience, you would have thought half at least would avow themselves on the Lord's side. To have heard the response of the old chief, you would have said, 'He, at least, is certainly converted.' But, if you could have seen that same company next day, your heart would have sunk. The old chief as worldly and superstitious as ever, and most of those who seemed so impressed careless as before. I have no doubt that meeting will do much towards breaking down superstition; but one does not work long in Africa till he realizes that convincing a man is not converting him, and a profound impression is not the new birth. Men are not

converted from such darkness as that of Africa by a single sermon. The wonder is that they sit by so tamely and allow us to demolish what has always seemed to them sacred."

The death of a young French teacher,[1] only two months after arriving at Kângwĕ, cast a dark shadow across the spring of 1891. "He went to work so quietly, so sensibly, so earnestly, that it is only to-day we realize what a helper he had already become. As a true missionary M. Tissot came, and he stood ready to spend his life in the service of Christ in Africa." A contrasting opinion of another was fully justified: "He has not come out for life; not for the work of redeeming Africa, but to see how he likes it."

A fourth church was organized this year, at Olamba, with a membership of forty-three. A class of young men was taught, for a month, at the station; and uncounted hours were expended on fatiguing revision of the Mpōngwĕ New Testament and hymn-book.

[1] M. Robert Tissot; died at Kângwĕ, May 3, 1891.

These volumes were a necessity for the church of the Ogowĕ. "Our French successors could not take it up for years. . . . Will be the most valuable legacy we can leave them." So sincere was the purpose of the mission in parting with the Ogowĕ stations; so true to the broad interests of the Church of God.

The Fâng were hard to catch. They constituted perhaps four fifths of the population on the Ogowĕ. They seemed impervious to the gospel. Their great tribe was looked upon as terrible and cruel, even by their cruel neighbors, and they bore a stigma above all tribes on the river—cannibalism. Twice a school of six or eight Fâng boys was attempted at Kângwĕ; but as soon as their cheeks were plump from plenty of food and their bodies arrayed in a clean cloth, they all with one accord arose and fled. It was therefore a notable event when a regular, though informal, Fâng service was instituted in 1891. It followed the church service in Mpōngwĕ on Sunday mornings. "I have

for some years spoken the language but all the time was painfully conscious that what I said was hardly intelligible, certainly could not be interesting. Now I have been working on their language and feel that I can really talk to them." In October the first Fâng convert on the river was reported.

"We have several times had young men from that tribe express a desire to become Christians, but it was always coupled with a request for employment. I knew they looked upon 'godliness as a way of gain.'

"But some time ago a middle-aged man who had four wives, nothing in the world to make and a great deal to lose by becoming a Christian, announced that he wanted to be saved no matter if he lost all he had in the world. He gave up three of his wives; that was like giving up half his fortune. Not only that, but he did something else which took my breath away. Every Fâng keeps the skull of his father in a bark bucket and from time to time makes offerings, sometimes of blood, at others meat of a goat or fowl, to this skull. This is supposed to secure the

favor of the ancestral spirit. If he goes to trade, or to marry another wife, or to war, he cooks a feast for his father's spirit and sprinkles the skull with redwood powder. This is, in short, the great fetish of the Fâng. All I expected was that converts would cease to make offerings to the skulls; one could hardly expect them to throw them away. Imagine my surprise when, one day, Biĕ gave me the neat basket in which was this precious fetish. This was something so unheard of among the Fâng that it brought on Biĕ's head a storm. There is no danger of violence being done him, but the Fâng vocabulary of abusive epithets has been exhausted by his neighbors in expressing their opinion of the man who will give up three women and his *biĕty*, his great fetish, and for what? But his stand has had an effect, and quite a number are seriously balancing the claims of this world and the next. Three young men are inquirers, and promise well. But it takes some such sacrifice as Biĕ made to give me confidence in a Fâng."

Biĕ was genuine. After instruction a

whole year, it was said: "Biĕ has taken up his cross and follows." In 1893 twelve more Fâng were added to the class from Foula, Biĕ's town.

A proposition had been sent to the Board of Foreign Missions from Trinity Church, in Montclair, N. J., while Dr. Good was in America, that they be allowed to assume his entire salary and regard him as their special representative in Africa. This arrangement resulted most happily. Dr. Good's relation to the Board was in no wise altered thereby, and a particular benefit has accrued to the church at large; for never before had he allowed himself the time to write such full, leisurely letters upon general subjects, as he recognized it his duty to write to the mixed congregation of young and old in Trinity Church.[1]

[1] The pastor, Rev. Orville Reed, by wish of the session, sends the following testimony: "The influence upon Trinity Church of these letters was at once apparent. Foreign missions became real as never before. Hard-headed business men, looking at things from a business point of view, now took a vital and increasing interest in the work. They became warmly attached to Dr. Good, but also evinced an increasing interest in all missionary work. Read at monthly

He was intolerant of glamour or rose-color in representations of missionary work, and his former ideas of the usefulness of missionary letters were somewhat narrow. They were modified by his home visit, so that, while he always had stood up squarely to the duty of fully informing the Board upon his work, he now went further, and said to his secretary: "I am coming to realize that we on the field must assume more of the burden. The church is not awake to the facts of missions; and though I dislike writing above all things, I shall endeavor to do my part if you point it out." But, to the end, the best he had to say he said to the Board and to Trinity Church, and never wrote a line for a newspaper.[1]

One of the Montclair letters of this period

concert and then passed about among the families of the congregation, those letters kept alive interest, called forth many a gift, and inspired to most hearty prayer for Africa.

"Attachment deepened as the months passed on. The 'pastor in Africa' was included with the pastor at home in the hearty prayers of a devoted people, and his labors were watched with the deepest interest."

[1] By request, he furnished one article to a Princeton publication, for which he received six dollars, the only remuneration earned by his pen.

introduces us to neighbors, whose depredations were frequent.

"Now, I submit, it is hard to preach the gospel in anything like the right spirit to people who you know have robbed you and are studying how they can do it again. I find it most difficult to live the gospel of charity and forbearance and not lay myself open to be cheated at every turn. These Fâng like us and respect us, but their greed is insatiable and their ideas of honesty so low they cannot resist the temptation to help themselves from what seems our superabundance.

"Here lies the difficulty in giving the Fâng the gospel. Ten dollars in cash would buy all the worldly possessions of the average Fâng man, barring his wives. Every Fâng, on the average, owes for wives already married two or three times as much as all he possesses. Besides this, he wants to marry some more, no matter whether he has one or twenty. He never accumulates goods. Cloth is the principal currency; but few men will be found to have more than ten or twenty yards in their possession. It goes as soon as

bought to pay for some woman. Where do the hundreds of thousands of yards go? The Fâng number perhaps three millions. Of these only a few thousand get cloth directly from traders. The others buy it with ivory, rubber, but especially with women. The poor interior supplies wives to their more fortunate countrymen who have the white man. There is little polygamy among the poorer interior tribes. While such a system prevails, and every man keeps before him as his highest ambition the marrying of at least five wives, the Fâng will remain poor.

"Such a man brings his plantains to sell. He sees in the mission store perhaps a thousand dollars' worth of goods. Oh, what riches! He learns that when we need more goods we write home for them. How easy that seems! What great men these missionaries must be! And where do all their goods come from? They cannot believe that people in America would of their own free will contribute such sums to enable us to come out here and teach people who are not even of our own color. It is, to their minds, pure nonsense. It must

be that we have some way of getting goods without earning them. Often I have been questioned on this point, and as often as I tried to explain, they have set aside my explanation and returned to the attack in some other form. Sometimes they try to catch me by leading questions: 'Who makes cloth and guns and powder?' 'We white men do,' I reply. 'No, you do not. Is it not *Anyam* [God] who makes these things?' That sounds very pious, but wait till you see what he is aiming at. 'Does not God give you all these goods you white people sell to us? and they don't cost you anything; and why can't you put the prices down, and why can't you make us poor people gifts of cloth, tobacco, etc.?' Again I go over the whole ground and explain how white people work for what they have, and goods are given by Christians in America to enable us to live among them and give them the gospel, and are not to be given away, else they would soon be finished and the work stopped. But it is useless. Some shrewd old scoundrel will look up after I am done and say with a provoking grin:

'Now, Good, you know you are lying. You white people don't make cloth. Only God could do that. You white people are hard not to be willing to divide with us who have nothing on our bodies but one small cloth.'

". . . While I am preaching they are studying my clothes, and when I am through, these are some of the exclamations I hear: 'How finely he is dressed! Look at that coat; and he is not satisfied with that, but he wears something else under it. See his shoes and hat, and look at us! Only two yards of cloth on our whole body!' They are disposed to blame God. 'If he loves us, why has he given white men so much and us nothing?'

"Our whole manner of living is a snare to them. Our plain table has on it a wealth of dishes to a people who eat out of a basket with their fingers, and dip their soups out of the pot in which they were cooked, using leaves for spoons. And a bed! What rolls of cloth! That one bed would buy a woman.

"Some will imagine that natives of this country would be impressed by the sacrifice

we make in spending our lives among them. This is the case with the more intelligent. But to these Fâng, fresh from the bush, our life seems one of luxury and ease.

"Some will suggest that, like Paul, we might be everything to every man, and live as the people do among whom we labor. But no half-way measure would be appreciable to these ignorant savages. I presume no one would ask us to reduce our wardrobe to the native standard, or to sleep on a bed of logs laid together with the round side up.

"We can only pray God to impress upon these poor grown-up children the fact that there is something more important than worldly wealth. Meanwhile we must expect that, while they look upon us as they now do, they will steal. And we must rejoice with trembling in our spiritual successes. When a man says he wants to come to the mission and learn about God, we must act cautiously. From the way we question him you would imagine that we did not want the Fâng to become Christians. We say, 'What is it you want?' 'I want to live in the mission,' he

replies. 'What for?' 'I want to do God's work.' 'You want employment in the mission so you can get wages?' 'Yes; but I want to learn about God too.' Beware! the man is probably not a convert.

"We have had most of our success among older tribes who have known us long and well. But I believe the future of our work lies among these hardy and energetic but fearfully ignorant Fâng. There seems to be a beginning already."

A packet of questions was sent to Dr. Good from Trinity Church friends, some of his answers to which fill the remainder of this chapter. To a general inquiry, he answered:

"The most intelligent Christians here cannot see why they should not have everything we have. They have no national costume, and every one of them would like to have clothes just like ours, from hat to shoes, regardless of the fact that they would be miserable in such dress. One of our elders made me fairly shudder, some months ago, by appearing at communion in a thick overcoat. He sweltered in it through a long hot day

with a look of supreme contentment. It was a white man's coat, and therefore must be right. I suppose I was the only person in the audience who did not envy him. I saw a young man ready to pay four months' wages for a clock, for which he had no use whatever. These are illustrations of a prevalent evil. An African wants everything he sees.

"A few Christians are in mission employ, and they are discontented and grumble because their wages will not enable them to live as we live. If we keep their wages down, they are bitter against us and say we want to keep them down. If we increase their wages out of proportion to incomes of the people, we put off indefinitely the day of self-supporting churches. They do not want to see that day, for they know that any support the churches can give them will be meager compared with what we furnish. Do not imagine these men are mercenary hirelings. Most of them are earnest men. But it is hard for them to see why the means of grace should not be provided without price to the end of the chapter. Great firmness

and wisdom will be needed in dealing with our churches."

Q. "After a self-sustaining church and an educated ministry have been secured, do you think the church will live and grow without the missionary?"

A. "That is a hard question. Not all the churches established by the apostles lived and grew. Doubtless this question means, Can the people of Africa maintain and propagate Christianity, once it is established among them, or are they essentially inferior to other races, so that they will never stand without outside support? I believe that, given the same conditions and opportunities we have, the African will stand morally and intellectually just where we do. But a people who have been stunted and degraded by thousands of years of heathenism cannot be transformed at once into such Christians as this question contemplates. Growth is a gradual process. It will not be in ten or in fifty years."

[To a question concerning his health.] "Once a month or so I bring myself thor-

oughly under the influence of quinine, and so escape fevers."

Q. "Do you not often grow weary and homesick?"

A. "Of course one's thoughts often turn to friends and scenes in the home land, and one wishes he could, at least for a little time, annihilate space. But I believe, since I came to Africa, there has never been a time when, after balancing the *pros* and *cons*, I would not rather remain than go home. I do not mean to say that I like the country or people of Africa as such; that I enjoy isolation, ill health, living on canned provisions, working where my best efforts are little appreciated. I could probably have better health, more amusement, a better time generally, in America, perhaps a more successful career, regarded from some points of view; but I doubt whether, knowing the needs of Africa as I do, I could have an easy conscience if I were to run away from this work. I prefer to stay at my post till the Lord discharges me. Meanwhile I manage to be fairly comfortable and happy in Africa.

"I have spoken only for myself; but I think nearly all who have come to Africa as missionaries have felt much as I feel on this subject."

[At the close of 1891.] "Looking at the physical side, I think I can honestly say that I have worked up to the full measure of my strength. But when I remember that the success of efforts put forth in the service of Christ depends absolutely on our spiritual attitude towards him and his work, I am conscious of shortcomings that amount almost to failure."

Seventy-two persons were admitted to the church this year in the Ogowĕ.

CHAPTER IX

Visit of Inspection to Liberia
January—April, 1892

At the end of 1891 Dr. Good received instructions from the Board to proceed on a tour of inspection to the Liberia Mission. This had been established in 1833, had been left without superintendence for a long time, was at present controlled entirely by colored men, and the Board was in doubt whether it should continue on the old basis. This was an unattractive task. Dr. Good always suffered from seasickness on board ship; he knew the Liberian coast was dangerously unhealthy; visitation of the scattered stations would involve great exertion under a hot sun; there was no prospect of finding material for a glowing report, but every chance to antagonize people; and, most of all, it involved separation from his family and interruption

of his Ogowĕ work for three months. He replied to the Board that he could not but be grateful for their confidence in him, but the responsibility involved in the visit to Liberia would be a "load" to carry. "Of course I shall go, and, if I am spared, endeavor to perform the task assigned me."

Without waiting for adjournment of mission meeting, he was off to Liberia by the first opportunity in January. In order to make ship connections he was obliged to go beyond Liberia to Sierra Leone and return; but at whatever port he stopped there was always something to learn, to investigate, or some piece of business to transact for the mission. At Kameruns it was the proposition for a sanitarium to be established, by several missions combining, upon Kameruns Mountain. Discussing the general subject, Dr. Good wrote to the Board that he thought furloughs were apt to be wastefully managed. Missionaries in Africa usually took no vacation until sickness compelled it, whereas if they were expected to spend a month each year away from their cares, sickness might be saved.

"Seven days in the week and every week in the year is the rule with some of us, and the only fact that makes it possible to keep it up is that our work is very varied. Have a mission sanitarium? Yes, if we are required to use it a few weeks each year; no, if it is only a resort when we are broken down. After malignant fever, six months, not six weeks, are necessary for restoration, and I would much prefer going to America, where I could recruit spiritually and mentally as well as physically, instead of going into the wilderness for a six months' exile."

At Sierra Leone he interviewed persons well informed upon Liberian men and affairs. He went to the English cathedral and a Mohammedan mosque, and took a general measurement of moral forces in the country.

Landing at Monrovia, February 11, he spent one month in Liberia, traveling seven hundred miles on foot or by canoe, and visited every station of the mission, with one exception. He also visited the Lutheran mission at Muhlenberg.[1]

[1] "He brought with him a flood of sunlight, and when he left took the love of all in the mission." (Letter from Rev. David A. Day, Lutheran missionary.)

Everything passes under observation: the condition of Liberia, political, commercial, agricultural, especially the coffee plantations; the proportion of Americo-Liberian population to the great majority of uncivilized aborigines; methods of the Colonization Society; methods, rules, salaries of different mission Boards. It was some of the time intensely hot; and starting at 6:30 A.M., once before 3 A.M., in order to take advantage of the tide up June River, he walked hours together over an uninteresting country. Sabbaths he preaches—four times one Sabbath. He arrives entirely unannounced, before they have time to confer or "fix up" accounts, at each minister's or teacher's door, now before seven o'clock in the morning, again at eight in the evening. He makes a memorandum regarding the extent and value of all mission property and by whom deeds are held; visits all the schools and examines the scholars, recording the discrepancy between numbers enrolled and present; notes those who are just beginning arithmetic, those who drop final consonants in pronouncing, those who scarcely understand simple English but

glibly recite long answers from the catechism. Acting as eyes for the Board, he reports a teacher who "beats the scholars more than is warrantable. I told him that he must win the people or be written down a failure." He marks those ministers who are political candidates, thereby creating division in their flocks; those who increase their income by a side business, or whose moral character is under public suspicion; and he notes the man who "pleased me much by his plain, unaffected way of reading and leading in prayer." He finds Schieffelin the only place where Presbyterians are in the majority, and here "we ought to have a minister," but advises the Board to withdraw from a hamlet of three hundred people, where he discovers three churches, the Presbyterian weakest of all. His ear is open to requests on every side, but he distinguishes between wishes and needs: "—— wants me to recommend windows and seats for the church. I cannot recommend the latter." At —— they "sadly need books." Having taken leave of a station, he found it convenient to make a second, sudden reap-

pearance, whereby his first impressions were confirmed or revised. There was only one man who made any success of evading the keen-eyed visitor. "Loafed about the place, learning but little; —— seemed busy all day and into the night, but I could not make out what he was doing. Crowds of people come and go, and it cannot all be church business. He was not communicative. I have the impression that, though professing cordiality, he was glad to get me off."

This errand to Liberia was executed in a temper which made his visit agreeable to the African brethren. His energy might give them a cyclone shock, but they appreciated his fairness and friendliness. His report was temperate, and more faithfully presented the situation to the Board than if they had seen Liberia themselves. Liberians were compared with other Africans, not with Englishmen. "Why should it be expected that freed slaves and their children should make an unblemished success of this business of self-government, which the first cities in the United States find so difficult? . . . On the whole,

Liberia seems to be getting on her feet. I could easily criticize, but knowing Africa as I do, I feel more like praising." Emphatic praise was accorded to the public sentiment against use of spirituous liquors. "Liberian churches discipline for drunkenness, and only white men handle liquor in Monrovia."

On setting out for Liberia, Dr. Good had promised his little son to try to return by his birthday, April 12; but it was already the 3d when Eloby was reached, and there yet remained a boat journey of two hundred and forty miles. Here the news met him that his wife was ill. Taking a canoe, he rowed all night up the Moonda River and walked across country to Gaboon to save a few hours. All in vain. He waited five days to catch a boat for Cape Lopez; thence took a trader's launch which dropped him at Kângwĕ at midnight of April 12, and he entered the sick-room with the step and voice of a practised nurse.

CHAPTER X

On to the Interior
January—August, 1892

WITH each year the course of the colonial government added something to the strength of conviction in the mission that their only way out was by the transfer proposed.[1] Dr. Good's position was clear. The transfer must take place:

1. To save Christians and the prosperous churches in the Ogowĕ from falling to Roman Catholics. American missionaries were liable to be ultimately expelled from the river; unless evangelical Frenchmen could take possession of their stations, Jesuits would.

2. French Protestants had decided to come to Congo Français; rival stations were not to be thought of.

[1] See Chapter IV., "resolution" of the mission in 1887.

3. Economy of mission funds demanded it. French schools in the Ogowĕ could be conducted at half the cost of American schools, because granted a much larger subsidy; government also discriminated heavily in their favor in custom duties.

The Board of Foreign Missions in New York had for many months seriously weighed the question of their duty when the transfer should be consummated. A section of the mission force in Africa would then be set free for new undertakings. Where did wisdom and the providence of God point as the proper location of this force?

As usual, Dr. Good's views were constructive. He saw a great stretch of inland savagery reaching up to the very door-stone of the mission. There was the place to begin. "While we hold the coast we have the key to a great interior which we ought to open or give somebody else the key." The work "grandly begun" on the coast could not be abandoned, and it pointed to the next step, eastward from Bata and Batanga. "In such a work we ought not to act as if we were

trading horses, but rather see what will, in the long run, most hasten the coming of the kingdom." As to distance: "We cannot expect the interior to come closer to the coast than one hundred miles. To reach Stanley Pool is a land journey of twenty days over fearful country."

At the opening of 1892, mission requested Dr. Good, should the Board indorse and authorize the same, to select an associate and make a trip of exploration into the country adjoining Batanga district on the east, with reference to a future occupation in those parts. At this point the Africa Mission takes up afresh the old cry which had been raised by voice after voice from the beginning of its history:

"If the providence of God [Wilson, 1843] shall continue to smile on this mission, we may hope that Christianity will have a favorable door of entrance in the interior." "Before a mission can be established in the interior [Report, '49] the acquaintance of intermediate people must be made. The line of communication must be in the hearts of

the people." "Ten years have passed [Bushnell, '54] since we first came in view of these Ethiopian mountains, . . . with feeble ranks we have been detained upon these lowlands. Oh, when shall we be permitted to unfurl the banner of Immanuel there?" Ogden's dying words ('61) had never been forgotten: "Who will go?—will you go?—who will go to preach on the mainland?" "We looked up the lovely Benito [George Paull, '64] to the great blue mountains beyond, and thought of the 'plenty, plenty people' waiting . . . to catch some tidings of salvation. We are encouraged to hope that ere many years those dark hilltops shall shine with the glory of a brighter dawn." "It is the country far back from the sea [Report, '74] that our mission must consider. There dwell the myriads of Africa. Every door that may be opened by Providence inland should be at once entered."

Doors had been entered from time to time; some after opening had closed again; now the mission was looking eastward and asking whether again they saw the door.

At Kângwĕ Dr. Good awaited marching

orders from the Board; but the expected instructions were mysteriously delayed. Mail succeeded mail, and no reference to the all-important subject. Had their plans collapsed? With each passing week the rains approached so much the nearer, when exposure in travel must be proportionally increased. With soldierly obedience, he would not stir from his post to anticipate orders by a day. He plunged into work industriously. All spare hours, early, late, while waiting for other people, now and again a steady pull for a week, he bent over the Mpōngwĕ New Testament which was begun two years before. At length, as the last line of revision was complete, the long-awaited letter came, June 16. It had been mailed three months before.

Arrangements were at once made for proceeding to Batanga, his family to be left meanwhile at Gaboon. A substitute at Kângwĕ was obtained in the missionary from Talaguga, which station was formally turned over to the French in the following month.

Dr. Good preached as usual on the last

Sunday, taking no formal farewell of his people. The journey on which he was bound could at present be treated only as an experiment, and he expected, for shorter or longer, to come again to Kângwĕ.[1] In truth, the books he left standing on their shelves he never touched again. The road on which he was started now would never lead back to the scene of those seven rounded years of manful toil; its goal lay far north, in a region untrodden by white man's foot.

On the Fourth of July—auspicious day—the little party, all unknowing, looked their last towards their home, buried among feathery palms and orange trees, as the boat turned southward on the oft-traversed river course. Ten years' experience in Africa forbade this step should be taken lightly; no one more sensible than Dr. Good himself what hardship and risk were certain, how much *might be* involved. From this time forth there appears in his letters, always marked by freedom from hackneyed pious expressions, an un-

[1] The station, with all its property, was made over to the French brethren, without charge, in 1893.

wonted note of gravity which repeats itself, with simple urgency, again and again: "Praying that we may all be divinely guided in this new enterprise." Yet it was with ample courage, and not without some exhilaration, that the intrepid missionary turned down the Ogowĕ page to open upon a new chapter.

Plans had not been deferred until the time to start. In looking for a mission location, he proposed to avoid the German government road, with the chance of becoming involved in government conflicts with natives. He determined to travel with the fewest carriers possible, not only to save expense, but because every additional man would increase the danger of a breakdown; the sickness of even one carrier would delay the whole party. In response to a charge from the Board to use caution: "I shall try to have a [missionary] companion, and shall prepare as carefully against all emergencies and dangers as I know how; *but the emergency against which I shall most carefully provide is failure.*"[1] He ventured no prophecies. "It is difficult to

[1] Italics are Dr. Good's.

speculate about fields one has never seen. A road is hard or easy according to a man's idea of what a hard road is. The German gave a rather dark picture of the road for the first seven days; but, as I looked at him, I decided in my mind that he was not a man of great physical endurance, and his picture may be too dark."

West Coast men are not, like the Zanzibari, trained carriers; they are not equal to a load as heavy by twenty pounds, and are afraid to enter the country of a strange tribe. The greatest vexation which Dr. Good encountered this summer was in securing his few necessary guides and carriers. Trade goods, which, instead of money, would purchase food, must be transported; the weight of every article had to be calculated, anything not absolutely essential being rigidly excluded; and then, had it not been for four boys from the Ogowĕ who could be implicitly depended on, men could scarcely have been found for even the seven loads. When, on the sixteenth day after leaving Kângwĕ, all was ready at Batanga, and none of his breth-

ren, though willing, was thoroughly available for the journey, Dr. Good started alone at the head of his modest caravan.

In this preliminary exploration, which lasted twenty-three days, he reached a point about one hundred miles inland. No report of it was offered to the mission, because the population found was not sufficient to justify opening stations on this route. Trinity Church, however, received a letter which, besides details peculiar to this instance, unfolds several features common to all exploration in Equatorial Africa:

"Now a word as to this country into which I am about to lead you. The Batanga people live on the sea shore. Just back of them are the people called here Mabeya, Dibea, by some Osyeba, but who call themselves Kwasiwo. Their towns are within ten or fifteen miles of the beach. Among Batanga people the gospel has taken a strong hold. Among these Mabeya scarcely anything has been done; but the devil has been busy among them, and many of them are slaves to drink.

"When we had passed the last Mabeya town

we found ourselves in a virgin forest, through which we had to travel from sixty to eighty miles before we reached the inhabited interior. This meant that food must be carried for from five to eight days, according to the rate of march. There are, of course, no roads, only narrow winding paths; no bridges over streams, no swamps filled up, no hotels, only low rude sheds under which travelers may sleep on beds of poles with a fire on each side, but affording little protection from rain. The natives dislike climbing hills, and so these roads are fairly level; but, unfortunately for white men, they do not have the same dread of mud and water. We had hardly gotten into the forest when the path dropped down into the bed of a stream, which it followed for a hundred yards or more.

"We tried each day to start soon after six in the morning. By half-past ten or eleven we stopped to eat, and by three or four in the afternoon everybody was tired enough to stop for the night. Beyond this there is little to say of our tramp through the forest. There were a few birds in the trees, usually too high

to be shot. We saw a few deer, or rather antelope; but I got only one chance for a shot, and that time my gun missed fire. There were many traces of elephants and occasionally of buffaloes, also wild hogs. We saw many monkeys, some of them very large; but the trees were so enormously high that shot would not reach them, and the forest was always so dark that it was impossible to shoot with a rifle with any accuracy. Even where trees were neither very high nor very thick it seemed unaccountably dark. Most of the time the sun was clouded, and the effect was as if twilight had already fallen, even at noonday. Even when the sun came out, it seemed to have no power. In fact, African sunlight is in some way of an inferior quality. As Mr. Stanley has said, it is more like moonlight than sunlight.

"On Tuesday, the sixth day, about 2 P.M., suddenly the forest grew light before us, and a few moments later we came into a clearing close to a small Bulu town called Biêti. Here for the first time in seventy-five miles we were able to see out and look about us. We

were well received by the people, according to their ideas of hospitality. The old chief was very friendly, and gave me a fowl and my people plantains, although food was scarce. After some time a house was provided, and glad was I to be under a roof, even if I could hardly stand erect under it. I had known that the Bulu people were closely allied to the Fâng; but I soon found that, while many words were the same in the two languages, the differences were so great that little that I said was intelligible to them. How was I to preach to them—for preach I must? Our guides had told them that we are not traders but teach people the words of God, and the whole town was anxious to hear what was our message. They all came together, and the palaver house was packed with men, women, and dogs. Fires are always kept burning in these houses, and the smoke was very affecting, often moving one to tears; but it had to be borne. I talked in Fâng, which my Mabeya people understand a little better than the Bulu people, so they helped me to explain what I could not express clearly.

But they added a good deal to what I said, being anxious to display their knowledge, and I was not quite sure that what they said was always orthodox.

"Among the Bulu I was on new ground and had to begin by finding out what they call God, and I got a new name for the Creator of all things—*Nzambe.* The Mpōngwĕ call God *Anyambiĕ;* the Benga and Batanga people, *Anyambe;* the Mabeya, *Njambe;* the Fâng, *Nzam;* and here the Bulu call him by a name evidently related to the others and yet different enough to be confusing.

"A scene here was repeated daily for the next two weeks. I wished to impress upon them the truth that God is not far from any of us and can hear us when we pray. So I explained the meaning of prayer, and requested them all to keep quiet while I rose and began. At first there was only a little noise, but three or four shouted out, 'Keep quiet!' To make matters worse, the Mabeya shouted, 'Shut your eyes!' So unusual a performance convulsed some with laughter. Some mothers thought closing the eyes was

an important matter, and so held their hands over their children's eyes. Of course the youngsters screamed. Some women became frightened and bolted for the door, laughing and screaming; and the dozen or more dogs that had been asleep around the fires, roused up by the unusual excitement, began to bark. I need hardly add that by this time the prayer was effectually interrupted.

"At Akŏk, the village of Ndum, we spent a most interesting Sabbath. The chief killed a large sheep, and did his best to make us comfortable. People came in from the surrounding country, and I preached, or tried to, rather, to a large audience. I kept my notebook in hand constantly, and set down every deviation from the Fâng which I noticed. Sabbath morning I got on fairly well, and Sabbath evening the people encouraged me by declaring that they understood everything I said. Some of them stood around and questioned about what I had preached till late at night. One thing especially pleased me. When I said I must go on the morrow they seemed sorry, but made no effort to

hinder me. On the whole, I liked the Bulu. They resemble the Fâng but are more civil and humane. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me they had the good qualities of the Fâng and not all of their faults. But I must add, they could lie almost as well as Fâng."

Dr. Good tried to find out how far north of the Campo River he was, and as a specimen of the difficulty in getting geographical information is the variety of answers he received: "We don't know." "It is very far. No people live between here and the Campo. There are no roads." "It is one day's journey." "It is ten days' journey." "It is three or four days' journey." "The country between here and the Campo is inhabited by Fâng; some of their towns are quite near." "The country between us and the Campo is inhabited by Bulu, but none of them live within three or four days' journey."

Sabbath, on the rapid march home, was spent in the edge of the forest. "What a Sabbath! It rained most of the day. My hut was so low I could not stand in it. The people were noisy and offensively curious, but

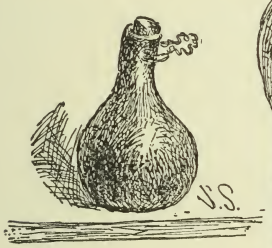
withal meant well. I could make myself understood, and many seemed interested. They begged me to come soon again, and were sure, if I would stay and preach to them, they would all become Christians. Poor people! How little they realize the strength of the chains with which the devil has bound them!"

In the interval between his first and second exploring journeys, and while mustering carriers again, Dr. Good was copying his Mpŏngwĕ manuscript with exceeding care for the diacritical marks, as it would be put in type[1] in America by printers of course ignorant of the language.

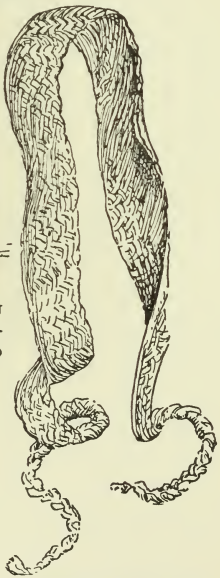
The Board having asked for suggestions from all missionaries regarding the "Manual," about to be reissued, he addressed to them some of his matured views on practical points. They related largely to the subject of expense. In regard to voting in mission meeting, he urged that lay missionaries, men and women alike, should vote upon all questions; that

[1] The Roman alphabet is used. The Testament was printed by the American Bible Society.

employees of the mission should be appointed missionaries "after long, approved service"; wives should be "associate missionaries," without a vote but with a voice in mission affairs whenever they chose. "To refuse the vote to laymen is to wrong men and women who, in all but ordination, are the equal of their ministerial brethren."



GOURD OF OIL WORN BY BULU MEN ABOUT THE NECK, RENDERING THEM INVISIBLE TO FOES.



CARRIERS' STRAP, OF WOVEN BAMBOO.

CHAPTER XI

Pioneering in Bululand
August 1892—January 1893

ON setting out for the Bulu country the second time, Dr. Good wrote: "My plan has never had in it anything grand or romantic. If I can this year find a good site for our first station, and assure myself of a large population beyond, I do not see the need of doing more at present."

This journey was begun August 30, and ended October 4. It had been thrown forward into all the disadvantages of the rainy season by delay in transmission of the letter of instructions. No one would have regarded Dr. Good as recreant to duty if, placing the responsibility upon that delay, he had postponed his journey until the good weather of December. But in January mission would

convene to take action upon all its affairs for the ensuing year. Unless his report were laid before that meeting, no recommendations could be made, and the advance movement might be retarded a whole year. Such wastefulness of time, especially in uncertain Africa, was not to be thought of; therefore, into the bush without hesitation!

The start was south from Batanga, avoiding the forest belt, then east and southeast, passing through Mabeya villages and farms, to the Lobi River. Twenty-five miles of tramping brought them to the most westerly Bulu town; thence, by a forest path of twelve miles, they emerged upon a line of towns called Kōkwa, which suggested itself as an excellent location for a Bible-reader. "He could reach thousands of souls within a day's journey." All the Bulu encountered the first week belonged to the same clan, and there are over one hundred clans.

The vicissitudes of travel were varied. Several nights were spent in the forest, "sleeping with nothing but a mosquito net of cheese-cloth between me and all out of

doors, and I felt no ill effects." Two blankets at night were occasionally necessary, and it was rarely hot except at noon. But a twenty miles' march in tropical rain, "sometimes pouring down till the air seemed full of water," would be followed next day by pouring rain again, and for days following by "rain pouring as usual." There were no roads, only crooked African paths worn trough-shape by water, their center six inches deeper than the sides. Bridgeless streams must be crossed, often every mile or two, or bogs several hundred yards wide, through which our pioneer went barefoot. "I have read what Stanley says against a white man's letting natives see his bare feet, and I consider it all nonsense. The African has a great deal more respect for a white man who can take care of himself than for one who has to be carried like a baby." Near the towns constant obstructions, such as fallen tree-trunks, which Africans always go around,—never remove for the public benefit,—made fearful work for carriers. On either side, the narrow path was often lined with a dense

growth of weeds and grass, always wet with dew, if not rain, till ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the white traveler, disadvantaged by his clothing, was soon wet to the hips. Worst of all, the paths, habitually dropping along the course of streams for a mile or more at a time, required constant walking in and out of cold water, the misery increasing at every step from sand and quartz pebbles which gathered in the shoes.

Occasionally a town banded together, refusing food unless at exorbitant prices. Then the caravan fell back upon rice, which had been brought in their loads for such emergencies. Now and then a churlish chief offered no welcome, or promised them robbery and murder at the next town on the road. At one place the question of plundering their loads was openly discussed, but abandoned at the suggestion from their own elders that the white man must have a "powerful fetish" or he would not venture so far from his people. "I could not help thinking how easily they could take our all if they had the courage." But though at times surrounded by

hundreds of armed men, they generally met a friendly reception. The only arms in the party were Dr. Good's old single-barreled shot-gun, loaded with bird-shot, and a revolver which he carried out of sight, and displayed, with apparent indifference but a wholesome effect, on one occasion only. It was enough. The fame of the "small gun" was thenceforward their *avant-coureur*. Scores of times he was asked to show it, but always sternly refused, thereby heightening the mystery. This he called a "silly ruse" which might answer for once, but would not do when the white man became a familiar object. It would be safe to recognize the limitations to exploring among unknown savages. "Establish one station; from this explore for the next, choosing the best seasons and going only one hundred miles at a time."

Ten miles a day was a "hard" march, but nearing home a "tremendous" march of twenty-five miles was once covered. As Dr. Good proceeded from town to town, a crowd of several hundred followed at his heels, add-

ing to his natural fatigue and anxiety the loud jangle of their untamed voices. He laid a mental tax upon himself by continually watching for new Bulu words and idioms, which were straightway transferred to the little note-book in his side pocket.

In searching for an appropriate station site, some towns which had been recommended (by Africans) proved disappointing. True, Minkale was more than two thousand feet above sea-level, surrounded by mountains from three to four thousand feet higher, with a bracing air; but it was too isolated. The group of seven towns on the watershed between the Kribi and Campo rivers had friendly people, and an elevation of two thousand feet, but was too far from the sea. The valley of the Muile, "fertile and level as a Nebraska prairie," was densely populated, but promised to be unhealthful. Biyemyem was a town a mile long and would be a fine center as regarded population, but lacked wood and water. There was a right place.

"I was especially attracted by a long line

of almost continuous villages called Nkonemekak, where the people seemed to swarm on all sides. This line partly encircled the base of a hill which struck me as an admirable site. The elevation of the town was only sixteen hundred feet, but this hill is two hundred feet higher. Here is, in my opinion, the site for our first interior station. By the crooked path we must travel, the distance from Batanga is not less than seventy miles; but this is the first large center of population we met with on elevated ground, and the largest within one hundred miles of the sea. This point can be reached from the west by two or three different roads, and we can go eastward by two roads. This is an important consideration in a country where any chief who imagines he has a grievance may close the road against us. Food is reasonably abundant, though not very cheap. I found the people ready to listen to the gospel wherever I stopped long enough to preach."

The method by which the minds of those wild Bulu listeners were brought into contact with the divine message, which for the first

time was conveyed to their race, is pictured in one of the letters to Trinity Church.

"I never failed to announce that I was not a trader. I went out of my way to prove this. Many times, when invited to go and see the house full of ivory of some chief, I really wanted to go; for I had often heard there were houses full of ivory in interior towns, and was curious to know whether this meant a room with ten tusks in it or fifty or one hundred. But I was being so carefully watched that if I even went to look at their ivory the news would follow me wherever I went, and the impression produced would be that I was a trader in disguise, spying out the riches of the land. So I always pretended utmost indifference to questions of trade. At times I would go into a long explanation of how only a few white men were traders, and these not the greatest men with us. I would disgust them especially by telling them that my father was a farmer, and before I learned the 'work of the Book' I myself hoed corn and potatoes. Among them such work is only performed by women, or men of no

standing. They wanted to almost worship me, but this confession shattered their idol. Many a time I could have gotten on more comfortably by a time-serving policy. Often I would have preferred to pay an exorbitant price for something rather than go without it. But I expected to come back sometime, and preferred to have my difficulties at the beginning, and to leave no precedents that might make trouble for some one else. Sometimes they intimated quite plainly that they wanted a white man who would make them rich buying their rubber and ivory, not one who came with nothing but 'words.'

"In nearly every case the gospel seemed to make a profound impression, at least for a time. The truth of what I said was rarely questioned. You will wonder at this in a people who never before heard even a rumor of divine truth, until you understand how wonderfully the truth we preach harmonizes with and supplements what they already believe. They believe in an eternal Being who has made all things, to whom all men return at death, but they do not think of this Being

as observing their actions, or that after death he may call them to account for deeds done in the body.

"The fundamental truths which they hold seem like fragments of a broken chain, which they are too thoughtless to connect; but when the missionary comes along and connects these severed fragments, they cannot help seeing how they fit together. I ask who made them and all things, and they reply at once, '*Nzam*.' 'Who gives you all the blessings you enjoy?' 'He does.' 'Do you love and worship him and thank him for his goodness?' 'No.' 'Why not?' At once they see their conduct must be displeasing to God. 'Are lying, stealing, and killing right or wrong?' 'Wrong, of course.' 'How do you know?' They cannot tell; they just know it. To the suggestion that these things are written in their hearts, like the words in a white man's book, they assent at once as a satisfactory explanation. 'Who wrote those things in your hearts?' 'We don't know,' they say. 'Who made you?' '*Nzam*,' or '*Njambe*.' Both words are used. Then, 'Did

he not write these laws in your hearts?' Here was a break in their knowledge, but the moment the missing link is supplied the chain is made complete in their minds. 'Yes,' in a chorus; 'yes, he gave us these laws in our hearts.' Then I am ready to press home the great truth from which there is now no escape. 'If God made this law, he must be angry when it is broken. He must see when it is broken, for he made the eye; as he made the ear, he must himself hear what is spoken contrary to this law.' 'Yes, that must be so.' 'Then, when death calls you into the presence of this Being whose laws you have broken, how will he receive you?' They attempt no evasion; they admit that God will be angry; and when I tell them of heaven and hell the excitement sometimes becomes intense. Then I lead them on to the blessed truth that God is a God of mercy; and often, when the strange new story is finished, trade and greed, all else, seem forgotten. But next morning or an hour afterwards, when they have talked together a little and repeated to one another what they have

heard of me, doubts begin to arise. They call me and want to talk a little more. I sit down, prepared to be questioned. The object of my visit has been fully explained. But no matter; the first question generally was, 'Where are you going?' 'I do not know exactly. I told you I was going as far as I could and to see as many peoples as I could.' 'But who are you going to?' 'I don't know.' An astounding statement to them, as they never dare go anywhere unless where they have a friend who can protect them. 'What are you going for?' By this time I would be losing patience, and reply something like this: 'I have told you already; why do you keep on asking the same question?' 'Yes, we know' (coolly); 'but tell us now what you are really seeking!' Several times I thought they did believe me, but was afterwards convinced that, with the exception of perhaps two towns, the people took little stock in my explanations, and by most I was set down as an impostor. Had I come to look for trade, had I killed and plundered, they would have fully appreciated my mo-

tives; but that white men want to teach them about God and heaven without money or price, that was incomprehensible. The first great law of heathenism is selfishness, and, tried by this their only standard, you can see how unbelievable must have seemed my statement."

Dr. Good returned to Batanga in health, having traveled over four hundred miles on foot, penetrating the country about one hundred and seventy miles, and having seen the dwellings of from thirty to forty thousand people. He had expended less than half the money granted, had selected one station site and the approximate location for a second. Incidentally, he had acquired considerable fluency in the Bulu tongue and revised the geography of some towns and of the Campo River. At once he prepared a masterly report upon what he had learned, which was presented to his brethren in mission meeting and forwarded to the Board. The contents were arranged in three parts: (1) a general outline; (2) analysis of important features; (3) recommendations for action.

He acknowledged his consciousness of assistance from above:

"Not only my brethren here, but friends in America, must have been helping me at the throne of grace. Again and again my way seemed closed, but always opened just in time. I was turned aside from the course marked out for myself by scarcity of food, want of guides, native feuds; sometimes I was misled by false statements; but although at the time I fumed and fretted, I can now see that I could hardly have laid out a better course than that by which I was compelled to go."

He explained the geographical relations of many tribes; how from interior forest seats the coast trade had beckoned them, and, moved by greed, they had years before begun a march which was gradually increasing in volume and momentum as they advanced. He showed the bearings of this seaward migration upon missionary opportunity.

The Ntum people were real Fâng from the Ogowĕ. "They will soon be down to the sea just north of the mouth of the Campo." The

Bulu and Upper Campo Fâng were practically one people—"in a few years will fill the region back of Batanga." The greater part of them were still in their old homes, but, as fast as they pushed those in front of them out of the way, were pressing westward. This scramble to reach the sea was demoralizing. Constantly on the move, old industries, such as working in iron, were abandoned, their towns were carelessly built, they planted too little and were therefore hungry some months every year. The whole social fabric was shaken because towns belonging to the same clan became separated *in transitu*, and a central government was therefore impossible. But this very movement would bring hundreds of thousands of souls, before nearly inaccessible, within easy reach of the gospel. The forest back of Batanga would in twenty years, perhaps less, be filled with a dense population; "that is, if we meet these peoples with the gospel of peace and so tame their savage instincts that they can be crowded together without exterminating each other."

The vast country from the Campo River north to the Soudan border might be worked as one field, in the Bulu language.

"The bane of mission work in all West Equatorial Africa is the multitude of tribes, each with a distinct language, into which the people are split up. How I have longed for a field in which one language and literature would reach everybody! As I studied the map, the prospect was not inspiring. There were the Batanga people, the Mabeya, the Fâng, the Benē, the Yengone, the Yewondo. I said to myself, 'Which of these tribes shall we adopt?' I dwell on this that you may realize the thrill of pleasure with which I learned that all these people, except the first two, speak closely related dialects. . . . When, in conversation of a half-hour with a Yewondo man, I was able to detect only a few slight variations from the Bulu, my last doubt vanished, and I thanked God that we had found our field."

Climate indications were favorable, "if there is such a thing as good climate in

Africa; but the man who is willing to go only where the climate is good had better stay in the United States."

The Bulu were not cannibals, they held no slaves, had no intoxicating drink, and, "as far as I could discover," there was no true idolatry among them. Their superstition is the fetish. "They have not come in contact with civilization enough to get even a veneer of good manners, and simply acted out their true character—not that they do not know better. Their moral natures are tuned to the same pitch as ours. They praise the same virtues and reprove (in others) the same vices. But in practice they are shamelessly immoral, dishonest, cruel. They might be worse. I think they are less vindictive than the Fâng of the Ogowĕ. Bulu character is somewhat relieved by frequent streaks of good humor.

"How often the thought came to me that if heaven is to be a happy home for God's people, it will not do to admit these Bulu! And yet they are material out of which saints may be made. Out of these rough, unlovely blacks might be wrought beautiful images of Christ."

The first "recommendation" of Dr. Good's report was that "we definitely adopt this field. I believe God has assigned it to us and calls us to enter. . . . I make this recommendation after much prayerful, anxious thought. *I know that treasure must be expended and lives sacrificed* if this region is to be evangelized.[1] But with the difficulties and perplexities in full view, I urge that we take up this work."

Promptness to act in establishing a first station seemed of the greatest importance, because the German government had promised not to allow Roman Catholics to enter a field preëmpted by Protestants, and *vice versa.* Americans would probably have no chance unless they seized it soon. "If we let the Catholics beat us in this race, we ought to go home and quit."

It was recommended that three new men, one of them a mechanic, be sent out to man the first station, others to follow in due time. Were not the proposals conservative? "I cannot bring myself to believe that our great,

[1] The italics are the author's.

wealthy church will turn back from this open door. At least, let the work be laid on her conscience. . . . I have faith that men will be found ready to go, and others will be glad to make an investment for eternity by sending them."

Pending action upon his report, Dr. Good was with his family at Baraka, his pen flying night and day, from epistle to epistle,—would it never get done?—copying the Mpōngwĕ Testament.

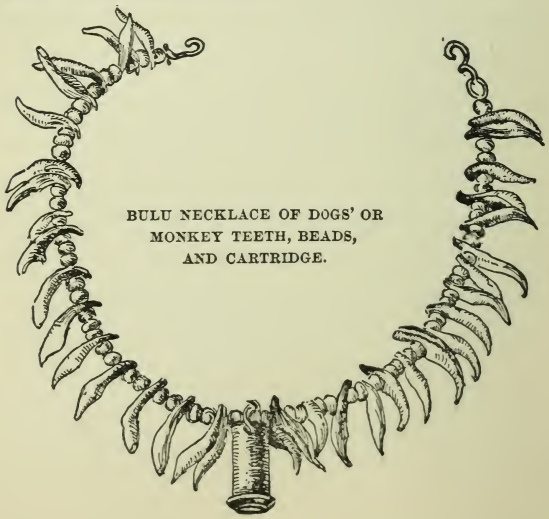
Mission indorsed the report, and passed resolutions adopting the new field and asking the church for eight men to work it. Dr. Good was appointed to Batanga, from there to superintend opening the first station. On account of his family, he regarded himself as ineligible for permanent location in the interior. He strongly advocated having it opened up by unmarried men, not chiefly on account of difficulty of access and the roughness of a pioneer station, but rather to reduce expenses to a minimum. He considered that for the first years the people, food supplies, climate, all, were on trial. The people might

turn against white men and refuse to sell them food. In such cases, if their houses were simply built of bark in native style, nothing to tempt the covetousness of Africans, the missionary would be in a position to control the chiefs by threatening to move on to So-and-so's town. But if their premises were too valuable to leave behind they would be in the power of the Bulu, and the Bulu would know it. "I opposed taking ladies to the new field chiefly because doing so means building better houses and furnishing them more expensively than I think the unsettled condition of the country warrants. While our plant has little value, the temptation to plunder will be small." For himself, he hoped to perfect his knowledge of the Bulu language, and, living at Batanga, alternate preparation of Bulu books with itineration among the Mabeya and near Bulu towns, thus strengthening the work of the interior at the rear.

When the report was received in America, utmost pains was taken to have its contents thoroughly digested by members of the Board of Foreign Missions. The vote of adoption

was unanimous, and it is probable that the Board never took a forward step with more perfect comprehension of what was involved.

In respect of distance from the sea, the proposed first station did not compare with some which had been opened prior to this time, but there was this difference: all others had been planted upon waterways, where the missionary's boat made him independent; but from Bululand there could be no way out except on foot, through the bush, across bridgeless streams, or, at best, in a hammock swung upon men's shoulders.



BULU NECKLACE OF DOGS' OR MONKEY TEETH, BEADS, AND CARTRIDGE.

CHAPTER XII

Byways of an Industrious Life

NO one was well acquainted with Dr. Good who did not know of his fondness for pet animals and his keen delight in the outdoor world. He would chase a monkey with the zest of a boy. He had not been in Gaboon two weeks before a night-ape was sharing his chamber. Later there was an owl named "the Judge." A goat, gazelle, civet-cat, and nine monkeys at one time were among the domesticated pets in the Kângwĕ home. He once shot a leopard that was robbing the Baraka chicken-house, and he hunted elephants now and again as they crossed the track of his itineration; but although the true gorilla country was just behind his Ogowĕ field, and it would have been his joy

and pride to shoot a gorilla, he never left his post to try it.

His chief diversion in Africa was collecting moths and butterflies, of which he sent thousands of specimens to America.[1] When weaker men would have been snatching a nap on the lounge, he was out in the air with his butterfly net, a recreation which contributed not a little towards keeping his mind healthy and his judgment sound. But the very *Lepidoptera* were made to fold their gauzy wings for the redemption of Africa; every dollar of remuneration for his specimens was conscientiously devoted to mission purposes.

Dr. Good's ability was so versatile and his tastes ran in so many channels that the old phrase "an all-around man" was often applied to him. Had his life been prolonged to old age he would have been able to make valuable additions to the world's knowledge of the natural history, geology, ethnology, and philology of Equatorial West Africa.

This chapter is devoted to extracts upon

[1] See Appendix A.

miscellaneous subjects, taken verbatim, or slightly condensed, from his note-books and letters.

EARTHWORMS AND DRIVER-ANTS

"I saw to-day a curious sight. An army of drivers had spread themselves out to forage, and part of the path was black with them. They swarmed not only on the ground, but on bushes to a height of five or six feet, and there was the usual commotion in the insect world. When thus scattered about driver-ants make a noise on the leaves exactly like raindrops, and, misled by the noise, earthworms come out as they are wont to do when it rains. It is a mistake, however, which they usually atone for with their lives. To-day, in advance of the advancing swarm of ants, I saw two immense earthworms scurrying across the path. They had come out to enjoy a shower, but, happening near the edge of the ants, were making good their escape. One of them especially was of immense size, fully a foot long and a quarter of an inch thick. The extremities had a bluish cast,

and about an inch and a half from the head was a raised ring nearly half an inch wide. When interfered with it squirmed violently. Happening to touch it with my finger, I noticed a spray striking my hand. Trying again and again, I found that from any part of its body it could send out, to a distance of six inches or more, a jet of spray thick enough to be distinctly visible and to make the hand quite wet. The jet seemed to come out just where the creature was touched and along a half-inch perhaps of its length—a little difficult to determine exactly, for the spray did not become distinctly visible till it had left the body an inch or two. It came out apparently from a center or point, and spread like an inverted cone. I noticed no contraction of the skin or effort of any sort on the part of the worm when it sent out the jet, and it followed so quickly the touch that I should say it was involuntary. The ejection was not irritating to the skin, and had no odor except an earthy smell such as one notices when an earthworm is put on a fish-hook." (April 21, 1891.)

"In New Ngândâ saw a young specimen of what I take to be an albino monkey. It was distinctly white, but that yellowing or reddish white peculiar to albinos." (1891.)

VISIT TO THE CAVE BUDIA (SYEKI NAME)

"While spending a night at the Orungu town Nengawăga, about sixty miles below Kângwĕ, I learned of the existence of a remarkable cave a mile or two above. I at once asked the chief to give me some one to show me the way, and he promptly offered to go himself, and so did, accompanied by quite a large party of his people. We pulled up first about one and a half miles to Anyamhicawango, landed, and got a slave to agree to guide us for a small consideration. A number of boys and young men having joined us, we set out on foot for the cave. I found it a real curiosity. About a mile brought us to the *orove mi tako* (tobacco prairie), much of which is bare rock and of an unusual character for this country. All rocks in the region seem to be sedimentary,

but vary greatly in hardness. This one, when wet, is covered with a slime as slippery as soap, which, where it was dried, formed a black, wrinkled scum not unlike tobacco in appearance, though utterly unlike in flavor. The people are said to use it as a substitute, however, when they are hard up for the weed.

"At last we reach one of the entrances to the cave. It is at the foot of a steep declivity, and looks like a big hole formed by a cave-in of surface rocks. Lighting our lamps, we are soon on the floor of the cavern, upon which still lay the rocks whose falling in made this entrance. To the north and south start galleries which soon come to an end; but a low one, leading in a westerly direction, intersects the main gallery at right angles. From there we start into the darkness nearly due north. The first thing that strikes me is a dull, peculiar roar like the noise of a powerful wind rushing through a rocky mountain gorge. You can hardly believe it is only bats, but soon you will; for as you go on you start them from their resting-place on the

roof by thousands, and the air, as you look towards a light, appears full of their dark forms. The floor of the cave, where water has not cleared it away, is covered to a depth of four to six inches with a black mass which feels under the bare feet like accumulated soot. It is the excrement of myriads of bats. Through and over this crawl the larvæ of two species of beetles, and everywhere may be seen hopping about a long-legged and rather feeble-looking cricket. These, with countless small flies, gnats, and mosquito-like insects, which did not appear to bite, make up the life of the cave. The bats were of two species. One was a little larger than the common American bat. This filled the whole interior of the cavern. A few of a larger species, their wings having a spread of more than a foot, were seen near the entrance.

"On one side usually ran the stream of water. The floor of the cave is a talcose clay or slate, so soft that it is difficult to say whether it is clay or rock; but it is sedimentary and in distinct strata. Above this are

strata of rocks of a peculiar porous character. Much of it, I feel sure, would serve for dripstone. It seemed as light as chalk, and some of it looked as if formed of a mass of minute shells. It was certainly sedimentary, for it was full of water-worn pebbles of various colors, and in some pieces I brought away there are distinct fossils. The roof was of course a border rock, and the cave is simply the course of an underground stream which has hollowed out for itself a channel in this soft rock. The main gallery varies from ten feet in height and width to twenty or even thirty feet. A gallery about midway of the main one comes in from the east and, judging from the stream of water issuing from it, is quite long. Its entrance is only about two and a half feet high, and, owing to our company getting divided and frightened, I could not explore it far.

"In the north end of the main gallery our guide pointed to an entrance beyond which, he said, were leopards. He hurried away, pretending to be afraid. I called my boys to follow me on a tour of investigation. An

examination of this supposed leopards' den showed no tracks except of dogs and men, who had been there killing bats. The slaves eat these bats, which they knock down with clubs. Some one had found that in this particular cavern, which gradually became lower and narrower as we proceeded, the bats were driven before him until the air was thick with them and the bat-catcher could bag all the game he wanted. The 'leopard' was an invention to keep others from sharing his discovery. I went until I could see the end, and I saw nothing more dangerous than bats. How they did swarm! I had to hold my hand before my face as I advanced. Dozens of them struck me all over the body every moment, and a score or more were clinging to different parts of my person. A rough measurement of the cave gave a length of three hundred and fifty yards.

"Here I saw an amusing illustration of the African's ignorance of arithmetic beyond addition and subtraction. A vine was taken into the cave to measure its length. The main gallery from north to south entrance

was thirty-two lengths of our vine. After we came out, a native measured it by stretching his arms horizontally, thus giving the length of his two arms plus the width of his body. This gives one fathom, or six feet, with a fair degree of accuracy. I laid the vine on the ground and paced its length, making it eleven yards, agreeing with the native's measurement. 'Now,' said I, 'our rope is five and a half fathoms long, and the cave was thirty-two times its length; how many fathoms long is the cave?' They could not see how it could be made out. When I told them at once three hundred and fifty-two yards, they thought I must be guessing. I said, 'Count it up and see if I am not right.' They studied over it awhile, then one said he could do it. He picked up the vine and started to measure it off again in fathoms. When I found that he intended to pass that vine through his hands thirty-two times, counting up as he went along, I told him that his arithmetic was too slow for me, as I wanted to get back to my dinner before night." (November, 1890.)

A HIDEOUS INCIDENT FROM THE OGOWĔ

"At Arevoma I was shown the evidence of a fiendish act of cruelty. A man belonging to a village just above Arevoma had married a woman of Afanganângâ's tribe, so far as giving the dowry. The woman disliked him, however, and wanted the marriage broken. This gave the prospective husband an excuse for claiming several times as much back as he had paid. This was refused, and the woman was compelled to marry him. She went and, as far as I could learn, did nothing out of the way; but he caught her one morning, compelling a slave by threats of death to help him, and cut off her ears, nose, and lips clear around the mouth, leaving her horribly disfigured. Thus he sent her home. Her mother he struck a blow across the eyes that put her blind. And this human fiend was allowed to settle for all his cruelty by payment of a fine of five times the price of a slave. There would be some comfort in even this if the payment went to the injured

women; but it all goes to the men of the family." (November, 1890.)

AFRICAN IDEAS OF JUSTICE—TWO GABOON STORIES

"One night, some years ago, a leopard killed a very fine calf for Rev. William Walker, of the mission, but was discovered and driven off before it had time to eat or carry it away. The same night the chief man of one of the little towns that make up Gaboon had a very fine pig taken by a leopard, presumably the same one. Next morning the man came to Mr. W. and wanted him to pay him for his hog. Why? Because, as he argued, if the leopard had been allowed to eat the calf it would not have taken the hog. Mr. W. by driving it away from the calf became directly responsible for its taking the pig, and so ought to pay for it.

"When the explorer Cameron was either in Gaboon or somewhere on this part of the coast, a native of means was attracted by some of his goods and began to take measures

to get them. He paid a man two hundred dollars to steal them for him. The man went and tried, but Mr. C. had perversely locked them up where it was impossible to get them; but he did not want to lose his two hundred dollars, so he ran off. The man who was two hundred dollars short by the transaction then came to Cameron and told him the whole story, and demanded of him, first, the two hundred dollars which he had caused the complainant to lose by locking up his goods, and, second, the price of the goods he had put out of the thief's reach and which our cheeky native friend had thereby been made to lose."



VISIT TO THE DWARFS

[The publication of the following account fell under the eye of a Scotch lady, who was moved to provide the means for founding a mission to these "little people," and two men have undertaken the difficult experiment of giving them the gospel.]

"The second day from Batanga I struck a village of the famous dwarfs. As everybody

knows, it is only by a rare chance that one ever gets a sight of these little people. They are found all over this part of Africa, but live much as the Gipsies do with us—scattered among many tribes, belonging to none. Other peoples live by agriculture. Though much engaged in hunting and fishing, what they kill is a small part of their living; it is on their gardens that they mainly depend.

"The dwarfs are not so. They live by the chase and on such wild fruits and edible leaves as are found in the forest; but they are as fond of cassava, plantains, etc., as other Africans. They want vegetable food, but do not wish to work for it. How are they to get it? I am happy to say they are not charged with stealing from their neighbors' gardens. It is admitted on all hands that they are remarkably honest. Here is their mode of life: They attach themselves to some town of Fâng, or Mabeya, or whatever tribe occupies the country. They are skilful hunters, and if there is game to be had they will get it. When hungry for vegetable food, they take their game to the town and ex-

change it for what they want. This arrangement seems so satisfactory to both parties that often a family of dwarfs will maintain such an alliance with a town of their stronger neighbors for generations. The dwarfs are themselves a timid, harmless people—at least, those found in this part of Africa. I am assured they never pretend to fight for their rights. When people to whom they have attached themselves do them a wrong which they are disposed to resent, they simply move away and seek alliance with some other town. It is considered an advantage to have them as neighbors. Their towns are not permanent, merely rude sheds, which they occupy only while game lasts in the neighborhood, and so constantly move from place to place that even their friends hardly know sometimes where to find them.

"But if the stronger tribes do not rob or kill them, they certainly take advantage of their ignorance of the world. They supply them with cloth, guns, powder, spears, at such prices as they choose to ask, and they take good care that 'their dwarfs' come in

contact with no one who will tell them how they are being cheated. Here comes in the difficulty of seeing them. You ask to be shown a town of the dwarfs. The people pretend to be most willing, but they explain that the dwarfs have never seen a white man and will be afraid; they must go in advance and prepare them. Their real object is to see that they run away. If one comes upon a dwarf village in the forest himself,—a most unlikely thing,—the stories the dwarfs have been told about the dreadful white man will send them flying in all directions. Had I asked the Mabeya to show me 'their dwarfs,' I would have asked in vain; they would have hit upon some scheme for keeping me away; but I happened to have a young guide who was very impetuous. As we were trudging through the forest, I noticed a newly beaten track leading off from the main path, and at the same moment heard voices at no great distance. I asked in surprise, 'Who made that path?' Without taking time to think, he replied, 'There is a town of dwarfs there.' Then I had him fast. . . . I found the dwarfs

at home to the number of fifty or sixty, and not so badly frightened, after all, which I attribute to the fact that they had not been 'prepared' for my visit.

"The village was evidently newly built; the thatch was still comparatively fresh. The spot selected for their village was well chosen; the ground was high and well drained, and a fair-sized stream of beautifully clear water flowed close by. I could have enjoyed spending a few days in such a camp myself; but to spend one's life in such encampments,—no clearing, no open country, no sunlight, no outlook beyond the shadowy forest glades,—the thought was enough for me. I have pictured only the reality. How can these people ever see clear sunlight? They can, of course, wade out into the middle of some stream wide enough not to be overshadowed by trees, or find a place where a large tree has fallen and carried down with it a number of its lesser neighbors, thus letting the sunlight through to earth; but practically these people only see the sun as they get dim glimpses of it through the trees. Their houses are simply

sheds. Poles are placed with one end on the ground, the other resting on a horizontal pole supported on posts four or five feet from the ground. Across these poles small sticks are laid, like lath on a roof, and on these the large leaves that serve as shingles. You would imagine that such a roof would leak; but when well made it is really wonderful how it will turn water. These houses are ten to twelve feet from front to back, and anywhere from ten to twenty-five feet long. Sometimes the ends are partly closed by setting up branches of trees against the roof. The front is always open.

"I found a number of Mabeya in their encampment, exchanging cassava for game. They seemed rather put out at seeing me there, but the dwarfs appeared rather pleased. They gathered around and gazed in speechless wonder; but I doubt whether their curiosity was greater than mine. Could I talk to them? I tried Bulu on them; they replied modestly that they did not know Bulu, but as they spoke in a language very like the Fâng of the Ogowĕ, I felt at home at once.

A big and very consequential Mabeya came up and offered to interpret my Bulu into Mabeya; but I promptly declined his services, and I had no difficulty in making myself understood. They answered questions about themselves without hesitation. One little old man seemed especially intelligent and fearless. I put the question to him plainly, 'Why do you live here in the bush like this, and never come to see the white man?' He replied, with a side wink towards the Mabeya, 'These people will not allow us to see the white man.' I spent most of my time trying to solve a question, the answer to which I have been seeking for years, viz.: Do the dwarfs have a language of their own, or do they speak the language of the tribe with which they associate themselves? Other tribes answer the question both ways; but while I was among them I heard nothing but Mabeya and Fâng.

"These dwarfs did not fit any description I have ever read of African pygmies. Some of them must have been five feet or more in height; still, they were distinctly dwarfed in

stature. They were a lighter tint than the surrounding tribes, but I could see no sign of the yellowish or reddish growth of hair on the body, of which some travelers have spoken. Certainly these dwarfs were the lowest specimens of the human race I have yet encountered. Their jaws were much too large; their foreheads and tops of their heads seemed irregular and rough, instead of smooth and rounded. The lowness of their foreheads was emphasized by the size of their eyes; the children especially seemed to have eyes like saucers. The eyebrows, which were heavy, seemed farther above the eye than in other races. You can imagine the result. The eyebrows seemed to be in the middle of the forehead, and, worst of all, the brows did not in cases appear to be set on straight; the two eyebrows on the same person did not, in some cases, seem to have the same slant. This must have been a mistake on my part, but it certainly seemed to me so. The upper part of their bodies was strong enough, but the abdomen was far too large for symmetry, and their legs were crooked and weak.

"On the whole, my visit to the dwarfs left on my mind a feeling of sadness. I tried to learn something of their religious ideas, but could not find that they differed from those of the Mabeya.

"I am told that far back of the Bulu there is a country occupied by dwarfs alone. Certainly there are in Africa a vast number of these weak, harmless people, and the Christian cannot but ask, How long will it take the slowly dawning light to reach these children of nature skulking with the beasts in the shades of these mighty forests?

"One more curious fact. It is freely admitted by other tribes that the sea was first discovered by the dwarfs, while the people now on the coast were still far back in the forest and did not know there was such a thing as the sea." (Batanga, July, 1893.)

MISCELLANEOUS SAYINGS AMONG THE BULU

Proverbs.—You set an *ngombo* (a basket for catching fish), you think of ghosts (because such baskets are set at night in lonely places).

The dead trunk of the *ōtunga* (a species of tree) has broken down the trunk of the *ōdu* (a larger and stronger tree); (i.e., a man of small importance has caused the death of an important man).

As you despise a stick (or log), it hurts or strikes your leg.

The buffalo that catches you in the street of your fathers, is it not goats that are in the street of your fathers' town?

An Oath.—Destruction! (A call to all the dead.) I swear by the dead. I swear by (my) father. I swear by (my) mother. Another form of oath is: I swear by the people who have perished (equivalent to, the dead).

Ideas of God.—Bisi Zam ele—The seats of God are there. (Said when calling attention to brilliant cloud effects.) *Endi Zam ele*—The roof of God is there. (Used in the same way.)

If Zam speaks, there is no longer any medicine that will avail. If Zam wishes to heal people, medicine is useless.

O Zam, thou hast made us; why, then, do you take away an only wife? (Such complaints common, but no one openly abuses Zam.)

Had it not been for Zam, this would not have been accomplished (lit., arranged).

Zam ate nye ni, ane mone Zam—God has saved him, he is a son of God. (Said of one who has experienced some remarkable deliverance.)

I will not occupy the place of a king; I will occupy the place of Zam (i.e., the place Zam assigns me), because Zam, who has made us all, he says, Be so. (Language of one who has been disappointed in not being chosen chief.)

One who is hopelessly afflicted is called Ndendeñ. Of such an one it is said: God himself has afflicted him. (Said especially of a cripple.)

A prayer: Zam, do not take me (i.e., by death) till I have first eaten that food. (Such a prayer is likely to be uttered by one who sees that his garden is going to give a good crop.) Other examples of petition: Zam, do not take me till I first see how my son will turn out (lit., how he will hunt). Zam, let me first marry, let me first have a child.

When a boy curses an old man, or steals, or any man does wrong, he is often reproved by

saying to him: *Zam ayi yene wo abē*—God will not like you, or, will be displeased with you. One who is wronged often says: God will revenge me on high.

Not all will "see" good in the world to come; some will live in "God's town," which is regarded as a great good; but bad people will not be allowed to stop in God's town, but will be compelled to pass to a place called Etōtōlen, a place of exile; as, when one is carried away over the sea to unknown countries from which he can never return, nor see his people again, he is said to have gone to Etōtōlen. Another version is that all must pass over a high, narrow bridge across a deep, wide stream. Over this the good successfully pass, but the bad fall into Etōtōlen. I heard this version only once. A bad man is told: You cannot live in the place where God lives.

Of a cripple it is said: There remains for him only to go and meet Zam; he has become a person of "on high"; he no longer amounts to anything as a man.

The rainbow at first lived in this world. When he went to Zam above, he went because

he had caught people. Men cut him in two. The tail turned into the python. Black spots on the python's skin are said to be skins of people he ate while still the rainbow. The rainbow, called the snake of Zam, is said to come to earth occasionally at waterfalls. When seen in such places, children are warned not to go near lest he eat them.

Fabulous Stories about Peoples in the Interior.—Back somewhere east of the Bulu are said to be the Biyamōs, a people who sleep by day and work and travel at night.

There are Ye-Mefap, a people said to have wings. There are Bemfamelede, called also Bilatata, a Siamese-twins sort of people, always in couples, joined together back to back. In Minjem, people spend most of the time by day scattered in the tree-tops. They come down to build, make gardens, etc., but as a rule only come to town at night. A full-sized, warlike people, who fight from their tree-tops. Said to be very black.

The Bifaifai are a people whose heads are flattened both behind and before, hence called also Bibambam.

As a specimen of the original ancestral tales from which the "Uncle Remus" stories have unquestionably descended, the following has a special literary value.

A BULU FABLE—THE LEOPARD AND THE PYTHON

[Among the Bulu there is a custom that whoever has a palaver with one whom he fears may go to a third party and say, "*Sŏng*," which is equivalent to saying, "I put my palaver in your hands." This third party then presses his claim, not only collecting the debt or damages claimed by the aggrieved party, but enough more to pay himself.]

The leopard said to the turtle, "All the animals of the forest I have caught, save only the python. *Sŏng*—catch him for me." "All right," said the turtle; "go to your town." When the leopard had gone, the python came and said to the turtle, "All the animals of the forest I have caught, save only one, the leopard. *Sŏng*—catch him for me." "All right," said the turtle; "go to your town."

When the python was gone, the turtle thought the matter over, and dug a deep pit in the bushes near his house. This he covered over carefully and awaited the coming of his clients. The python came wriggling up and said, "Where is the leopard I asked you to catch for me?" The turtle whispered, "Don't speak again. There is the leopard coming. Run and hide there" (pointing the way of the trap). Hurrying to hide himself in the bushes, crash! went the python into the pit. The turtle came and said, "Don't dare to speak, lest the leopard hear you; you are in a safe place," and carefully covered the pit over again. Then the leopard came, to whom the turtle said, "Run! hide there quick! I see the python coming over there." He, too, running to hide himself, crashed through the treacherous cover into the pit. The python cried, "What's that?" The leopard cried, "What's that?" The python coiled for a spring; the leopard stood with opened jaws and paws uplifted, ready to meet the dreaded enemy. Then from the mouth of the pit came the mocking voice of the turtle: "Leop-

ard, you asked me to catch the python for you. You, python, asked me to catch for you the leopard. I have caught you both. You are in the pit, both of you. Make the best of it." And at it they both went, and fought till they fell apart, both dead.

Of course this is not a literal translation of the original; indeed, to translate the wonderfully concise and graphic style of these fables is impossible. But this is a sample of the stories which these people have told over, generation after generation, for who knows how many centuries? These childish tales, when well told, have a charm and fascination that no written story can ever have. The leopard does not simply come up—his stately tread is imitated; so, too, the wriggling of the serpent, the crash as they fall into the pit; and when they fight, the story-teller's teeth seem to become fangs, his fingers claws, his arms are the python's deadly coils, and his voice growls and groans until one can almost fancy the creatures engaged in a death-struggle before his eyes. (Efulen, 1894.)

CHAPTER XIII

Roughing it in the Bush
1893

IN anticipation of introducing the coming recruits to the interior, there was much to be done: studying Bulu when nothing else; casually picking up Banaka speech, useful with carriers; especially making more trips inland by which to win the confidence not only of Bulu, but also Mabeya, who were afraid this passing beyond through their towns meant losing their trade. On each reappearance among them, the white man was greeted with diminishing suspicion. Few now asked the question, "What are you seeking for?" But as he came closer to the people, notwithstanding all his previous knowledge of Africans, Dr. Good was profoundly impressed with their unspeakable im-

morality. "I cannot lift the veil." That the gospel is the power of God was his only confidence. "Of one thing I am certain. There is no remedy but God's great remedy for sin. And that *that* will avail I have already been permitted to see. The Galwâ of the Ogowĕ, while less savage, were once much more superstitious and hardly less immoral than these Bulu. I did not see them until they had been greatly changed by the influence of the gospel, but I had abundant testimony as to what they had been. And I have seen hundreds of those Galwâ come to Christ and become, if not saints, at least as different from what they were as darkness is from light. The degradation of the Bulu has shocked me, because I have seen it in all its shameless nakedness. Pray that I may be permitted to see even these brought to the feet of Jesus and clothed in his likeness."

The first bush for the new station was cut June 5, on the hill afterwards named, at the suggestion of a Bulu woman, "Efulen"[1]—a mingling. The missionaries had come to

[1] Pronounced "ā-full'en."

settle all palavers and bring together (mingle) all kinds of people. Within a few weeks after it was occupied, Batanga, Mabeya, Banaka, Galwâ from the Ogowĕ, and Bulu were all working together on Efulen Hill.

Batanga men were first set to making a small clearing, and then left to put up a bark house, native style, for a first temporary shelter. The Bulu promised, on their part, to build the indispensable palaver house, which serves all the purposes of restaurant, club-house, court, and city hall; in this case it was to be also the house of prayer.

The expected three men for the interior having arrived, Dr. Good wrote to his strong backers in Montclair: "They all seem well adapted for the work to which they have come. Pray for them, as you have prayed for me, that they may be long spared to work for the Master, a blessing to Africa and her perishing millions." And, about to march up-country, he wrote to the Board: "You cannot move too fast for me. I see no obstacle to our establishing three or four stations as fast as the men can be gotten out."

In Africa there are always obstacles. The new doctor was at once detained at the coast, and within two years both the professional members of the party were in America, on the resignation list. But that event was for the present hid from their eyes.

Mr. Matthew Henry Kerr and Rev. R. H. Milligan went up with Dr. Good and reached the mission clearing July 22. The one-roomed little house with earth floor was ready for three educated white men, and a tent for dry weather; after that, they had nothing but their hands and tools and the rich primeval forest surrounding them, from which huge tree-trunks lay felled in the clearing. The station possessed neither table, desk, nor chair, and was equally destitute of furniture for preaching the gospel. There was not a page of the Bible in Bulu, nor one hymn. Only one of the trio could even imperfectly convey the message of God's Word. He was struggling with gaps in the savage language. How express the idea of the Holy Spirit to a people whose only notion of "spirit" is the shadow of a living man or the ghost of one

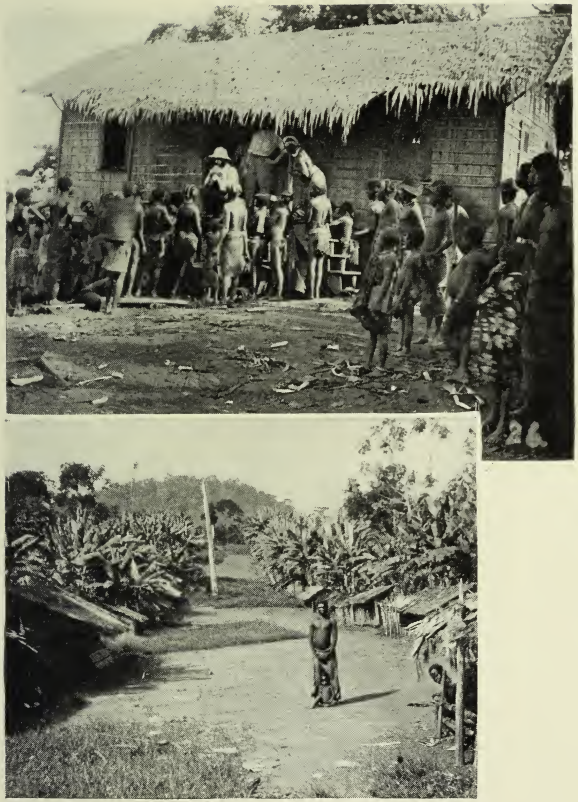
dead? There were two words in Bulu for "town," but only one and the same verb for "to believe," "to trust," and "to have faith."

Mr. Kerr began at once getting out planks with a pit-saw, and whenever it was in motion he was the center of a curious and smiling circle of Bulu. After six weeks the Station were able to elevate themselves off from their earth floor, so dangerous in malarial Africa, and to move, though still in one cramped room, into a new residence built on posts three to four feet high, with bark walls and roof of bamboo thatch. It was completed by the middle of October, affording a private room for each missionary, a store-room, and one general living-room, which occupied the center of the house and opened on a porch at each end. The floors were plank. There was neither sash nor glass, but open window-places, protected by shutters. Their dining-table was a true antique—a circular slice of a virgin forest tree, with the bark left on, supported on stakes for legs. A clay fireplace was constructed in the "parlor," where the weather permitted of a fire burning most of

the time. Fuel bills were at zero, and no taxes to pay. Dr. Good, by dint of perseverance, built himself a bedstead and stuffed his mattress with native corn-husks. The poor hard soil was worked, a variety of vegetables planted, and banana and other fruit trees were started.

Efulen commanded a crystal stream of water, and, on those sides not walled in by forest, a distant view of grand mountains. Workmen were paid wages of sixteen or eighteen cents a day, and the house, sixteen by twenty-eight feet, cost $52.80. In this way Dr. Good's purpose to give an object-lesson to the people was realized.

"On the coast we import everything, and the natives conclude that to be civilized they must have foreign food, foreign furniture, *et cætera*, and thus native industry is discouraged. The Bulu think God has given us our wealth, and scoff at the idea that white men make cloth and furniture. If we build and furnish our houses and spread our tables from the resources of their own country, we are pointing them in the only direction in



THE EFULEN HOUSE—MORNING BARTER
DR. GOOD'S ROOM ON THE RIGHT.
BULU TOWN OF NKONEMEKAK.

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which there is hope of bettering their condition. If we set out to have foreign supplies, the report will go through the land that white men have come with inexhaustible wealth; but if we make the least possible display of foreign goods, raise our own food and make our furniture, the story will be rehearsed far and wide that the white men work with their hands, even make gardens. This will do more to correct their absurd ideas of white men than years of preaching."

The population around Efulen was not stagnant. Native traders were coming and going. Strangers appeared from distant places, so that preaching at Efulen was like preaching to the inhabitants for a hundred miles east and northeast.

Development of the station was going on smoothly when news from his wife compelled Dr. Good to hasten to the beach. He had been there but a week when a pursuing messenger brought tidings that Mr. Milligan was very ill. This was one of the times of dilemma when the missionary discussed within himself "whether my duty lies there or with

my invalid wife." He left Mrs. Good in bed, under the doctor's care, and, with the roads at their worst, made a forced march—a "terrible" journey even for him. The only way he could cross some of the swollen, rushing torrents was by climbing trees and swinging himself from interlacing branches of one tree to those of another on the opposite bank. But difficulties of the journey were naught compared with the anxiety in his breast. His patient was five weeks in bed with typhoid fever.

Itineration being thus prevented, Bulu manuscript multiplied. A dictionary was growing fast. By October two hymns would "go" and the first consecutive passage from the Word of God was read to the Sunday audience (October 1). It was a portion of the Sermon on the Mount. What conception did those bloody men receive from the novel proclamation, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Blessed are the peacemakers"?

At this stage in mastering the language, Dr. Good's method was to set a Bulu man to talking and stop him with questions whenever

he used a new word. That would result in gaining a general idea, spread over three or four terms. The hinge of the task was then to extricate the exact meaning in each of these terms. What should be done for a word to express thanks and thanksgiving? The Bulu had no word. Christian ideas had no expression, because they had no place in the heart. "Give them the ideas, and they will soon find expression for them." It was therefore his purpose to translate the gospels as soon as possible, and stop there. Some development of religious language might be counted upon within two or three years, when translation of the whole New Testament would be in order, to be rounded out with a revision of the gospels.

The Bulu tongue, however, was well equipped with terms for sense-perceptions. A race standing guard, through suspicious generations, against human foes and lurking beast and viper in the twilight of the forest had developed five or six synonyms for the phrase "to see." "For all forms of evil they have a wealth of names that completely

discounts the English. . . . It is intensely interesting to stand by and watch the regeneration of a language."

His young brethren looked on admiringly as from the lips of a wild Bulu, however repulsive his personal presence, his enunciation changing and indistinct, his intellect however dull, word by word, idiom by idiom, was captured. Ask the expression for "my gun," and the answer is given; then ask for "my guns," and the man declares, "I have only *one*." It is no use to press him further. He is ready to call all his wives and brothers to testify that he has "only one gun." Half a dozen Bulu would be successively played out in a morning under his fire of questions, while "Dr. Good would toil on till night, never once losing patience, to my[1] knowledge. . . . His understanding of the African people and his discretion in dealing with them commanded my continual respect and admiration. . . . He could learn the truth from them when they told him nothing but lies. He might ask the road to some partic-

[1] Rev. R. H. Milligan.

ular town, and they would tell him the boldest lies; but without betraying suspicion he would continue to question, keeping his attention apparently fixed upon the chief speakers, but hearing every word spoken by others aside. At last, when they had finished, he would start off in the right direction, leaving them amazed and saying among themselves, 'This white man has very powerful charms.'

"One day a Bulu chief called Ngombair, a powerful man, came to our station storming furiously against the white man. He had been sending many persons for medical treatment without paying anything for medicine. Other natives paid something, but he presumed upon his importance until, at last, we had sent his patients back to town without treatment. He cursed us to the workmen upon our own premises and roused them against us, using very abusive language. Dr. Good heard it without any show of indignation. Then, with a quiet smile, turning to another native, he asked: 'Is this Ngombair who talks in this way? Is this the wise chief

of Nkonemekak?' Already the chief began to feel ashamed. Dr. Good talked to him a few minutes in a friendly way, and soon sent him home cheerful and praising the white man. So skilful was he in controlling and quieting their savage passions."

The illness of his wife detained Dr. Good at the coast for some weeks towards the end of 1893. "All goes well at Efulen," he wrote; "but so long as I alone have the language, the evangelistic side, the most important side, of our work must depend mostly on myself. And yet *I sometimes suspect that if I should never be able to go back, the Master could find others to carry on this work!*"

From the Ogowĕ Dr. Good had written to his wife in 1888: "This separation is to be the last, or I can't help it." And to the secretary: "As a rule, I am utterly opposed to such separations; only the weakness of our force could have induced me to consent." Yet, ever since, temporary separations from his family had been constant, and, at the opening of 1894, he was again face to face with the alternative. Mission meeting was

at hand; their trunks were packed to take the invalid to America; the steamer would soon arrive. Some of the brethren conferred together, and begged him to stay behind. Affairs in the interior were not in a condition to be left without him. It was true. With prayer and searching of heart he consulted his wife. When she gave her full consent for him to remain, he said, "You are really helping the work more than any one else." He sent her and their son, in company with a missionary lady, to Grand Canary, whence, as the season advanced towards spring, she might safely go on to America. He watched the disappearing steamer, and plunged into the bush.

Already, only six months after the station was opened, its influence had begun to tell. There were certainly no converts yet; there was not even one of whom the missionaries could hope that he would soon take hold on Christ; but there were good signs.

Every Lord's day brought a company of people to Efulen Hill; and instead of staying away after their curiosity was gratified, the

most attentive hearers were those who had heard most. The part of the gospel message which the Bulu seemed to grasp first was what they eminently needed—"peace among men." Walking through a town where a palaver was being talked, Dr. Good asked in jest if the palavers were not all finished yet. "Can palavers ever finish?" one of them replied; but added, "Were we ever before so long without killing people as since you came?" "And, thinking over the matter, it is true. In towns about Efulen there has been no attempt at bloodshed since the station was opened. Women have eloped or been carried off under circumstances that in the old days would have led to bloodshed; but, in every case so far, it has been avoided out of deference, so they say, to our teachings." A man from the Ntum tribe, three days south on the Campo, said that the "Word" had gone all through the Ntum country, and people were "settling their palavers."

The comparatively subdued behavior of Efulen audiences was realized only by the contrast in towns outside, where usually two or three young fellows would keep up run-

ning comments on the preaching, not intending to be disrespectful but frequently giving to it a ludicrous turn. Or, one would notice something about the missionary's person that struck him as odd and nudge his neighbor. Eyes in all directions would quickly take the hint, till suddenly the whole audience, who a moment before were listening intently, would be lost in gazing at the speaker's hair or shoes. And they would laugh at everything, especially when the eternal punishment of the wicked was mentioned, no matter how carefully and seriously. A babel of voices would remind one another that *that* was for *them*. If stealing or other immorality were mentioned, side-glances and ringing laughter not only played havoc with the thread of discourse, but indicated how prevalent such sins were. It was usually impossible to hold attention in new places for more than ten minutes. The missionary could never explain the reason why towns differed in their reception of his message; for in some places he could talk without interruption for half an hour.

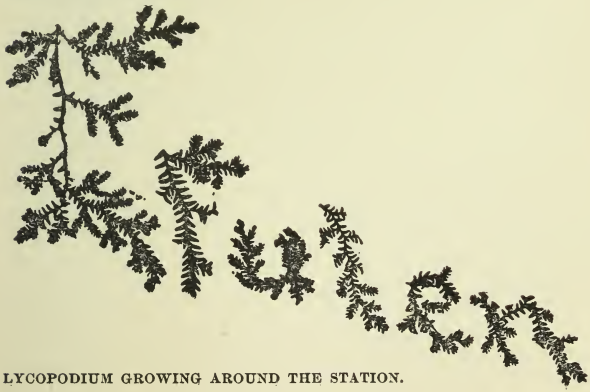
Of the draft there is upon one in present-

ing divine truth to such people, Dr. Good had ample experience this year. In February he tramped twelve days, back and forth, on a preaching tour southeast from Efulen, in the region where it was hoped to locate a second station. Every day he preached in from five to eight towns. A specimen experience must be given in his own words:

"Frequently after I have ceased speaking, the chief or some other man of influence will harangue the people and urge them to receive and obey the words God has sent the white man to teach them. How he will tax his people with lying, stealing, robbery, immorality! To hear him remind his neighbors of what they may expect in the world to come, one would think he himself must be an angel of light, with nothing to fear from the events of the last great day. And yet that man is passionate, cruel, always ready for a fight or a foray, probably a robber and murderer many times over; his avarice is insatiable, he is a beastly glutton. But as he stands forth, dilating on the shortcomings of his forty or fifty wives and on the faults of his

neighbors in general, he seems utterly unconscious of the fact that he is probably the greatest sinner of them all. How exceedingly human all this is! and how I long for the day when the Spirit of truth will give them such a view of their own sins that they will forget those of their neighbors!"

The responsibility resting upon Dr. Good for the health of his younger associates and of the whole great enterprise was keenly appreciated. "You will not be surprised when I tell you that I sometimes tremble. I understand now Paul's anxiety, so often spoken of in his epistles, lest he should be 'put to shame.' I can only pray that God will glorify his great name."



LYCOPODIUM GROWING AROUND THE STATION.

CHAPTER XIV

The Crowning Year

1894

AT Efulen all was animation and action in the spring of 1894. Dr. Good and Mr. Kerr were out with native workmen, making a road around swamps, the worst place on the route to the beach, and bridging the Kribi River at a point twenty miles from the station, by felling an immense tree across it. He doubts whether there is a pastor in New York City who could have done four such days' work "without feeling inconvenience." A school-house is finished in May, the first in all Buludom; and now that they have promise of recruits from America, Mr. Kerr's saw is in motion again, and great bales of bark and other materials are gradually



HEADS OF BULU WOMEN AT EFULEN.



PIT-SAW AT EFULEN AND WORKMEN FROM SEVERAL TRIBES.

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gathering and seasoning on the premises for a second missionary dwelling.

In late April Dr. Good is up and away on the march, most of the time with two carriers only, all comforts necessarily reduced to the lowest notch. At the same time his order is on the way home to the Board for one hundred dollars, earned with his indefatigable butterfly net, "to aid in opening the second station." The object of this trip is to find a site for that station and to study the field in general.

His course, directed as usual by his pocket compass, was south by east as far as the Nlobō River, two hundred and ten to two hundred and twenty miles from the coast. There he was within three days of the Ja, into which it flows, and the Ja is an indirect tributary of the Congo. This journey determined in general the scope of the field which had been entered. Its eastern limit must be the Ja, for across that live the savage Ntem, a people wholly different from the Bulu. To the south one would soon drift into French territory; but to the north Bulu towns

stretched for a hundred miles, and, for no one knows how much farther, those of other tribes having a cognate speech. Dr. Good tramped on this journey four hundred miles, a great part of the way where the foot of white man never trod before.

The weather was cool, generally fine. Sometimes from a hilltop he would catch a view of wooded hills rolling away as far as the eye could see; and when he reached plateaus twenty-six hundred feet and more above sea-level, the air was as pure and the sky as blue as among the well-remembered Pennsylvania hills.

It was plain that "a vast population looks to us for the gospel." But the Bulu manner of life forbade denseness of population, and their method of building was such as to give the appearance, from a distance, of unbroken forest even in thickly settled parts. Bulu towns, composed of three to thirty villages strung along a path at intervals of fifty to several hundred yards, might extend for miles. Each village has its one straight street, lined on either side with low bark

houses, and a palaver house across both ends. Between these lines of villages are intervals of bush or forest, or oftener clearings called gardens, where corn, cassava, groundnuts, and plantains grow. Cultivation of these is entirely the women's work, but is done so inefficiently that they get only two or three crops in ten years. Dr. Good pitied the poor drudges, who lose their good looks and are old women when they ought to be coming to their best years. He marked them carrying the daily food of the family on their backs from garden to house, and the basket of firewood, besides, with which to cook it. He watched the wife on the road, staggering behind her husband under a load of food, goods and rubber, perhaps fifty pounds' weight, while her liege lord burdened himself with a single gun. "One of the saddest sights I ever saw was women toiling through deep forest under their heavy loads, perhaps in pouring rain, with a crying baby slung in a strap under one arm." Even maternity receives but little consideration. Among some African tribes, the Galwâ, for example, the

mother goes, before the birth of her child, to her own people and remains till it is one or two years old. Here there is no such relief. As soon as her child is a month or two old the Bulu mother must go to work as before.

He saw the men, after their desultory hunting and barter, loafing in the palaver houses, eating, smoking, talking palavers and politics, or taking care of the baby at home. "One of the most amusing sights I recall was an old chief trying to pacify three or four hungry babies whose mothers were away in the gardens." The men wear themselves out by their viciousness at middle age, and Dr. Good saw scarcely any old people on this trip.

As usual, he makes light of habitual hardships. It has come to be almost a matter of indifference whether his feet are wet or dry. Swamp of all depths and degrees, bad food, icy-cold streams to be waded, a smoky hut at night with a bed of poles on which to spread his blankets—all this he can bear, like a born pioneer, with equanimity; but there was one trial almost beyond endurance.

"I wish I could somehow make you eye- and ear-witnesses of what I experienced. Imagine me emerging from the bush, unannounced, upon the first village of a Bulu town. Some child first catches sight of the apparition, and takes to the bush. Grown people often looked indifferently at first, only remarking, 'It's an albino.' But soon somebody would divine the truth, or some one who had followed from the last town would make the harmless remark, 'It's a white man.' The result I can compare to nothing but the bursting of a dam. Out of the palaver house come the men, as if they were being fired from some sort of repeating weapon. Women rush to the doors of their houses, take one look, disappear again for a moment while they set a pot off the fire or catch up the baby, and then pour into the street, often with a remark to the effect that nobody is going to get anything to eat to-day while this wonderful thing is to be seen. The children, who ran screaming at first, soon regain courage enough to come back and join the procession. People from near gardens, hear-

ing the racket, rush home, and men of the next village snatch up their ever-ready weapons and come running to see if it may be an attack. As I go on from village to village the crowd increases, until they swarm behind and on both sides, forming a half-circle, of which I am the center.

"As all are talking at the highest pitch of their voices, the noise is simply distracting. Out of the babel I catch such exclamations as 'O my mother!' 'Is it really myself?' 'And am I dead?' 'Isn't he a beauty?' and others that will not bear repetition. These from the ladies. The men are more dignified, but more disagreeable. They would crowd into the places next me, and as we went on through the towns would act as if they had me in charge, telling me when to stop, and giving all sorts of directions. To the crowds of new-comers they would shout information about me and the object of my journey, so absurdly false that I often felt bound to stop and try to correct the impression they were giving. This was not easy. If I said, 'I have come to tell you about God, and not to buy

rubber or ivory,' some one who had heard rumors of what we teach would begin shouting an outline of our teachings, but such a caricature of the truth as made me shudder.

"Disgusted at last beyond endurance, I would attempt to silence the worst offender, usually the man who was following close at my heels, who for the last half-hour had been shouting information into my ears. I would turn and tell him that he knew nothing about me and that I should myself stop in a little while and talk to the people. At this he would laugh as much as to say, 'I have gotten the "thing" started to talk,' and then shout to the crowd behind what I had said, as if it had been the performance of a parrot. By this time I was getting out of humor, and would request him in plain terms to keep quiet. At this he would laugh again, and shout to the people behind, 'He says, keep quiet.' Then I would explain, 'It is not the people behind whose noise is troubling me; it is *you*, who are walking close to me and shouting in my ears.' But it was useless; he would turn to the crowd and abuse them

for making such a noise, shouting, if possible, louder than ever.

"Then, if I was wise, I gave it up and went on, allowing him to say what he pleased. But sometimes I was too angry to be wise, and I would get after the fellow and make him think, at least, that I was going to chastise him. Then he would at last realize that I meant *him*, and would not speak above a whisper, and would try by gestures to keep others from doing so. Dead silence followed, save the noise we made in walking. Meanwhile we had arrived at another village, and you can imagine the result of the whole crowd walking in silence and by frantic gestures giving the village the impression that I was some sort of a monster that might be rendered dangerous by the least noise. This was worse than noise, so I would explain that I had no objection to talking, if they would not yell. Then they would start again, softly at first, but little by little the volume increasing till there was the same babel as before.

"Then the crowd clamor for me to stop, that they may take a good look at me. As I

have reached the center of the village, I accede to their request. Standing in the middle of the street, they form a circle around me, men in front, women for the most part behind and trying to steal up close to examine something without being observed. I turn my head, and at once there is a scream and stampede; but only for a moment; they soon return, but more cautiously. Silence, or something approaching it, follows, while all indulge in one long, intense stare, during which only a camera could depict the various expressions in their faces. Then we have a dog-fight. Every man's cur from all the villages we had passed followed his master, and the dogs of the village in which we are stopping object to their presence.

"Meanwhile the chief is not being noticed, and must make himself known. Stepping into the middle of the circle and raising his staff as if to chastise the crowd, he begins, in what seems a fearful passion, to abuse everybody for treating the white man in such outrageous fashion. As he is only talking for the white man's benefit, I silence him.

"Then comes a request to remove my hat, that they may see my hair. This reasonable request I always grant, and am rewarded by a chorus of complimentary exclamations. Next, no matter how much I had been talking, some one would ask, 'Can he talk?' This question I would answer by some trivial remark, which would be received with a volley of laughter. Then they ask questions just to get me to speak. Then follow requests to take off my shoes or other parts of my clothing, that they might see whether I was really like one of themselves; attempts to induce me to buy ivory or rubber, offers of marriage, requests for gifts, to show my trade goods, compass, note-book, etc.

"When I thought their curiosity had been sufficiently sated, I would attempt to tell them why I had come among them, and to give them some idea of the gospel and their need of it.

"These scenes, with numberless variations, are repeated as we pass through town after town, till at last we must stop for the night. If only one could escape the noisy crowds

then, that would nerve him to endure the babel of the day. But the worst is to come. I get a house, put my goods and carriers inside, and in order to give them a chance to unpack and prepare supper I stay in the street, talking to the people. At last I am tired, and tell them they must go home and let me rest. Needless to say they do not go. As soon as I am inside the house they crowd around the door. If I shut it (the only opening in the walls of a Bulu house) it is quite dark; besides, the cooking is being done over an open fire, and the smoke is suffocating. But it may as well be shut as blocked by heads and shoulders of the crowd.

"Sometimes I try reasoning with them. 'I want to be quiet and rest.' 'But we want to see you,' they reply. 'Is this a proper way to treat a visitor?' 'No,' they all agree. 'Then why don't you go away and leave me?' 'We want to see you.' So I shut the door, preferring smoke to the crowd. Sometimes I go out into the street and call to the people 'whether I am to have a house, or whether I must go on to the next town.' By this

means I gain my point. At last I am in my smoky den, and the crowd shut out. But I am not hidden yet. When I light my tallow candle every crack and crevice becomes a peep-hole; and I eat my supper knowing that eyes are watching every movement.

"Gradually the noise subsides, and apparently they have become tired and gone away; but only apparently. A few are waiting to see the white man go to bed, and they do not attempt to conceal their disgust when he blows out his candle before undressing.

"Now I can stand this sort of thing for three or four days quite philosophically, but after about a week of it I become nervous and irritable. Certainly, if I should ever visit a menagerie again, and see a monkey with a crowd around its cage, exclaiming, as it scratches its head or takes a bite of food, 'How funny! How very human!' I shall profoundly sympathize with the monkey.

"But I cannot stop here, or I shall give a false impression. All this is curiosity, not hostility or dislike. Impertinent and selfish it undoubtedly was, but everywhere the *in-*

tention was to treat me well. And when I have been able to walk, with only two carriers, more than two hundred miles going and coming, through a part of Africa where a white man was never before seen, without meeting the first symptom of hostility, certainly I ought not to complain if the people were unpleasantly curious. This trip has convinced me that any prudent man can go as far as the Bulu language extends and preach the gospel without hindrance."

Dr. Good alternated his journeys with translating at his desk—the "same humdrum work" of which he had more than enough on the Ogowĕ. But it cannot be done too soon. By the end of March a considerable Bulu dictionary was finished and John's gospel begun. This was resumed after his journey of a month, and again interrupted by an arrival from the coast. A committee of the mission came up to decide jointly with him upon the site for a second station. They made a twelve days' trip together, retracing a part of his previous journey; and, as in the case of Efulen, one place offered such supe-

rior advantages that the brethren had no hesitation in their choice. They bought land for a station in the district of Ebolowo'e, sixty-eight miles east by south from Efulen. The site was on a low hill, at an elevation of twenty-four hundred feet above the sea. The town proper had only about eight hundred inhabitants, but six roads led out in as many directions to other towns, from a twenty minutes' walk distant to an hour, and one might continue on for a whole day, or days together, through a succession of villages and a large aggregate population. To a novice in Africa the people would seem wild enough: powerfully built, almost naked, smearing the whole body with red powder, their hair decorated with buttons, beads, shells, and feathers; they were always at war; they held human life at a discount; nearly every girl was sold for a wife before five years old. Fifty or a hundred of them at a time, each armed with gun, knife, or spear, they surrounded the missionary group, prying curiously into all their few possessions. This was heathenism. But the tiger tooth around the neck, the charmed antelope



CHARACTERISTIC GROUP OF BULU MEN AND ONE WOMAN
IN EBOLOWO'E DISTRICT.

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horn over the shoulder, their "medicine" for guns, their grotesque *ngee* and organized robber band, especially their speech, to those who understood it, were a revelation of deeper darkness. The whole Bulu world lay under the paralyzing power of the fetish.

Our missionaries longed to give this land to Jesus Christ for his possession; and, as they traveled back towards Efulen, they talked of what the mail from America might bring. How soon would the new men be coming? When could they begin to build upon the new-bought property? How long before they might proclaim liberty to the captive there?

At present not a Bulu from Efulen dared to carry up their loads. One year from that time the people of Ebolowo'e intrusted five boys to the mission school at Efulen. The name eventually given to the second station, Elat, intimates a compact of friendship.

The mail came from America and brought —delay. So far only one man had offered for the service. "Our mission," wrote Dr. Good, "has been forty years seeking a door

by which to enter the interior of Africa. Now when this one has opened so widely, is it *thus* we propose to enter?" Letters complimentary to himself in no wise abate his disappointment. He tells his wife that "the soft soap is coming in" till he might be tempted to think himself a hero, only he knows better; "if any heroism is being displayed, it is by you." His accounts of the new field, of which Efulen is "only the outer edge," go home by every irregular opportunity. "We need many things, but none more than the prayers of God's people."

In countries which, like China or India, possess an old civilization and sacred books, missionaries have sometimes preached the gospel for years before a soul would admit its power. Not so on Efulen Hill. The forest people, gathering there with an increasingly respectful demeanor from one Lord's day to another, had been all their lifetime in bondage of fear from merciless and ubiquitous spirits, and there was, to some ears, a welcome sound of deliverance in the Word. Nor had they the scholar's pride in concealing their

interest. By March one village was "stirred up" on the subject of religion, one middle-aged man was coming for special instruction, an inquiry class would soon be "in plain sight"; and when a palaver broke out, in which three men were killed, the people were "ashamed" because they "prided themselves on having given up war since we came." In July a number were expressing the wish to be Christians—"too soon to begin to count them." As time went on: "Of some we have good hopes"; but many would-be inquirers were warily held off.[1] The missionary had "no confidence" in them. He had seen a great many Africans. Not every one who came with a pair of white man's shoes on his feet or a cast-off overcoat, in which he appeared equally ridiculous and uncomfortable, was bound for the kingdom of heaven. Motives had to be probed. Some of them lay on the surface. The honor of receiving special instruction, alone, from the white man was

[1] "With all inquirers he was a most faithful and loving guide. No matter what he was doing, that work must wait if there was a heart that could be reached after and pointed to the Lamb of God." (Letter from Mr. Kerr.)

enough to raise up some followers. And when, desiring to grapple with a thoughtful hearer, Dr. Good, in order to avoid the hangers-on who would devour wayside seed by provoking a laugh or a quarrel, took the man into his own bedroom, alas for his theories of an object-lesson in simple living! There were a table, a type-writer, shelves containing medicine bottles, and less than twenty indispensable books. But this was a World's Fair to a Bulu, when seen for the first time. His mind wandered; his gaze was fixed now on the machine, now on what seemed a giant volume, the "United States Dispensatory"; and "I might as well try to preach to people while an earthquake is going on as to my inquirer in such surroundings."

And there was Zanga. It proved that he was absent from Sabbath service because he was hunting for an animal that he had wounded the evening before. When told that Christians do not work on Sunday, he replied, "Why, hunting is not work." Then the matter is made plain to him. But a Sabbath or two later, as the missionary is hold-

ing afternoon meetings out in the towns, he comes across Zanga busy hewing out pieces of wood to make a sheath for one of the large sword-like knives which the Bulu carry. When his attention is called to the way he is keeping the Sabbath, he replies in amazement, "Surely you don't call this work?" Then Zanga is instructed in the doctrine of the Sabbath once for all. That day week, passing again, there was Zanga, a smile of self-approval on his face, sitting on a piece of wood, which he was holding in place while another man with an adz was hewing it into a board, evidently for the door of Zanga's unfinished house. "I simply made a remark to the effect that I saw he was busy on his new house. 'It is not I,' he replied cheerfully; '*this* man is doing the work, and *he* is not a Christian.'"

There was nothing surprising in the childishness of such ideas among people born in the heathenism of Africa, to whom the gospel story was wholly a novelty. The missionary was encouraged by their hearing ear; but he longed for the Holy Spirit "to make clear

what we can make them only dimly understand. What would we not give for a little group of earnest Christians among them to set the example for the rest of what Christianity is!"

Dr. Good was rapidly identifying himself with the people of the district. There were chiefs and witch-doctors, but he was the influential citizen of all Nkonemekak. In cases he was umpire. All the time he sat as if Judge on the Supreme Bench against every form of prevalent and condoned wickedness. He protested to the black traders against bringing up rum and gin. He used arguments which they could appreciate—that it would be no financial advantage to them, and would work physical wreck. He was out in the midst of the people, mixing in the everyday life of the towns, and a bystander at their palavers. Once he looks so shocked at the conclusion they have reached that the men apologize. At times they try to cover up facts which they are ashamed to have him know. In most out-of-the-way places people were quoting, "Mr. Good says" don't do this

or that.[1] He took up the cause of the needy and them that have no helper—the poor women, lazy, impudent, vile though they were. "What toil, patience, discipline will be necessary before Bulu women can stand where the gospel aims to place them!" But he believed the old gospel which redeemed womanhood in Europe and America would be a sufficient remedy for them. Again and again he reproved men for cruel treatment of their wives, and for giving young girls as readily as a sheep for pledges in palavers.

One Sunday afternoon in August, the strident sound of beating drum and incessant firing of guns fretting the air warned him that mischief was brewing. So he strolled down to the nearest town, where he was met by a typical Equatorial Africa scene.

The corpse of a leading Bulu lay under the burning sun, and his seven wives huddled about it. They had been stripped of even their usual scanty dress of grass and beads, while the body was decently wrapped in new

[1] Told by Mr. Kerr. "Words Mr. Good had used months before often come back in that way."

calicoes. Through the long afternoon they lay there with eyes closed, pretending to be asleep, and other women, encircling the centerpiece, kept up a low moaning. Right in the middle of the street, where men only are allowed burial, was the open grave; and, getting a hint that one of the wives had been charged with causing her husband's death by witchcraft, and was destined to go with him into that grave, the white citizen determined to stand by and if possible prevent the deed. Late in the evening the *post-mortem* examination came on, and they found, true enough,—what they were looking for—a witch. "The only unbeliever present pronounced it a small, oval, fleshy tumor, about an inch long, lying just inside the spinal column. I felt somewhat elated, for I thought the woman was safe now; but I soon found they wanted to kill her, and the witch business was only an excuse."

Dr. Good persisted. He "buttonholed" the leading men, expressing his "strong disapproval" of their cruel custom; and at last he had the satisfaction of seeing the dead safely buried alone. Thus an efficient blow was

struck at witchcraft in Bululand. At this time burial of women, alive or dead, in the grave of their husbands was a common event. Within two years after, three witch-doctors in the district abandoned their calling, and went to work building bark houses like other men; and for miles around Efulen belief in witches had received, not its death-blow, but an incurable wound.

His advances towards the people were reciprocated. "You are one of *us*," they said. After Dr. Good's death, out from Efulen perhaps twenty miles, Bulu men stopped the missionary, as he was passing, to express not only their sorrow, but—high proof of savage friendship—a wish to go to Ebolowo'e and kill those men of another clan whose witchcraft had shortened their white man's life.

In order to acquire colloquial expressions and a limber vocabulary, Dr. Good engaged the more intelligent of the men in relating to him their folk-lore stories.

In August he writes to his little son about his evening school of a dozen or more boys from the town: "Very good boys for this

country, and anxious to learn." In lieu of books, Mr. Kerr has fastened strips across the face of a board, and the teacher inserts between them small blocks of white wood upon which letters and figures have been stenciled, so by a sort of word game teaching the class to read and count.

While this various, active contact with the people was unremitting, Dr. Good's industrious pen was accumulating for them a durable treasure. His systematic habit was to rise at six o'clock, get to his desk at seven, translate till noon, again two hours in the afternoon, and, after that, daily go into the near towns and preach. In June four hymns were written. By the end of July the gospel of John was translated, and seven chapters of Matthew. September 19 the gospels by Matthew and Mark entire are added to that by John, and the same day manuscript of the first Bulu book, a primer, is mailed to America to be printed. One month later the dictionary has passed under careful revision, and the pen is laid down at the last line of Luke's gospel.

The first Bulu proverb which Dr. Good thought worthy of transference to his note-book is the following: "*E mous me yen, ōsu ndim*"—Behind I see, before [is] unknown. Each week marked off, each day, was swiftly narrowing the margin between him and that "unknown."



A BULU TOWN NEAR ELAT.

CHAPTER XV

"If this journey shall open a road for the light to enter this dark region into which I have penetrated a little way, I shall never regret the toil. I do hope God's people in America will see to it that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain."—A. C. G., 1892.

The Last Five Months
July—December 13, 1894

FROM the day of his boyhood's resolve in the apple-orchard, it had been Adolphus Good's characteristic to aim straight for the mark. As the summer of 1894 waned, his goal was as definite as ever, and his plans, as usual, embraced a full year to come. First of all, a start must be made at the second station. Good news had come of two new men appointed and soon to arrive at the coast.

They should come up straightway and hold Efulen, while he and Kerr would take the ax and move on to Ebolowo'e. There November and December should be spent, vibrating between the building going on under Mr. Kerr's direction and itineration in the district. He would move among the people, taking off the edge of curiosity and running a furrow through the fallow ground. Especially he resolved to see the Benē branch of Bulu-speaking tribes and get sufficient data for locating two more stations. The opening of 1895 would carry them up to mission meeting, and then the husband- and father-heart should be allowed to speak. He would ask permission to revise his Bulu gospels and take them home to be printed. Allowing himself six or eight months in America, he would hope his wife could return with him, and then—more service for the Bulu, more toil and hardship for the redemption of Africa. So man proposed.

And he had such resources of health at command. It had been his refrain all the year. In April: "Almost perfect health";

"never stronger." After four hundred miles on foot: "Strong as ever in my life." In June: "Do not think I ever had better health"; "do not need to go home on account of my health"; "no signs of fever or malaria at Efulen"; "dismiss anxiety for my health."

July: "We are busy, and that is all. I have been so occupied with translating, and Mr. Kerr with building and teaching, that our premises are rather out of repair; but now we shall get time to put them in better order. We are having fine tomatoes, cress, string-beans, and some potatoes are growing; not many, however, as we failed to get seed. Cabbage and cauliflower look well, but cannot tell yet whether they will head or not. Corn is abundant just now, but other food still scarce, plantains especially, and we miss them very much. We are trying to lay in a large stock of provisions from the beach before the arrival of the new-comers."

October rains were heavy, and when they had ceased at Efulen would be at their worst in the interior; "so I am likely to have a bad

time of it; but I cannot put off this trip, for I want to visit the Benē country before I revise my translations."

Plans were defeated. The new missionaries were coming too late to permit of building at Ebolowo'e, and Mr. Kerr would be obliged to remain at Efulen. Therefore, instead of itinerating from the second station as his base, Dr. Good must take the more difficult alternative and make his journey of a month or six weeks from Efulen. Rumors of threatenings in various towns reached their ears and frightened the carriers. They defaulted; others were engaged and were exasperating. Certainly this was destined to be a laborious march; but "*in all the years that are past of my life, the path has never failed to open before me clearly in good time.*"[1] It opened in perfect day.

Already there was light in one direction. He would soon divide his "load." "I shall probably be away when the new brethren arrive, and I am glad of it; for I am anxious to draw out of the position of adviser. By

[1] The italics are the author's.

the time I am back they will be well started in. If they do not see things as I do, I shall give them large liberty to do what they like."

Before leaving he wrote with customary candor and caution to the Board about progress at Efulen: "There is a great deal of interest among the people here, and we hope there have been, or soon will be, several conversions; but I fear to write of these people as converts, lest my words should come out six months hence and find them gone back to the world."

At last it was November 12. Carriers were keyed up to marching pitch, and Dr. Good took a cheerful leave of his solitary comrade. But scarcely half a day out he was overtaken by Mr. Kerr's messenger: the new men were coming. Back he turned and went forward at a rapid pace, welcoming them several miles the other side of Efulen, and escorting them in to the station. They were three young brethren fresh from America. All the afternoon and into the night they talked earnestly together, and next morning Dr. Good was off to catch up with his loads.

Now brace your back again, good soldier, to its burden of anxiety and care. March on once more, dauntless, through flood and forest and noisy towns bare of a single token of civilization. Open your lips again, brave soldier, warning the people lest they die in their sins, and give the message of life, eternal life; for this is the last journey, and your guerdon waits at the end.

From the meager lines in his note-book the thread of events is followed. Dr. Good went eastward, spending the first Sunday at Olem of the Yevo clan, people "rough and careless, but meaning to be kind." A whole week he preached among the towns of Ebolowo'e district. The chief, a mighty man of eighty wives, confessed to him that at the time of his father's death he had cut the throats of ten people, and had killed twenty when his brother died, all for witchcraft. Dr. Good secured a pledge from him, made in public, that he would never repeat these deeds of blood. The first Benē town was struck the 25th, eight miles north of Ebolowo'e, at an elevation of three thousand feet.

"November 27. I find the Benē country less populous than the Bulu."

The course was thence westward, in touch with several tribes—Yewondo, Yengone, Yando—and a line of towns belonging to the Yeno'e clan. With all of them Dr. Good made himself understood, and comparisons between their speech and the Bulu were recorded. The second week a severe cold had forced him to stay inside his hut one day. His carriers proved as inefficient as they had given promise. From stage to stage food was disastrously unsuitable and eaten with an anxious heart; and now, in one of these Yeno'e towns, his insidious enemy met him, like Joab in the gate.

"November 30. In the evening I felt fever coming on. I was quite chilly for a couple of hours, then went into a profuse perspiration. Took a heavy dose of quinine. Next morning the fever was broken."

Welcome would rest have been, but his quarters were "so mean and dirty" that the road seemed preferable.

"December 1. Feel badly. On through

Yeno'e towns—course same as yesterday, nearly west. Distance for day, eleven miles." He might have added, "through mud and water."

The third Sunday was spent in a small town whose chief was "anxious for a teacher." Next day he was cordially received at Lolodorf, the German government station in the Ngumba country, whence he sends a reassuring line, "Safe and well," to his dear ones far away.

With the Ngumba he was "disgusted," and the roads out from their towns balked him, for they all ran east and west. But on the 6th he struck a southward line of Bulu towns, in one of which he spent the 9th. It was the fourth consecutive Lord's day passed amid savage sights and sounds, separated as by an eternity from Christian sympathy and hallowed worship. The town was Biêti, the last name in the note-book.

Monday, at noon, he appeared at the door of the mission house in Efulen, and watchful eyes noted that his face was haggard and ominously yellow. He acknowledged to

having suffered from unsuitable food, from sleeplessness, a feverish attack, and that a return of fever had hurried him home. But he dismissed it lightly; he would take quinine and be "all right in the morning." There was no loss of spirit and enthusiasm regarding the interior. They had never seen him more anxious to open the second station. In all his journey of two hundred and thirty miles he had found no place to compare with their chosen site.

At midnight he was wakeful, and, calling to Mr. Ford, who had come up from the coast in his absence, they had two hours' conference on mission affairs. Next day, worse. His five brethren surrounded him with every possible ministry of love and care. Wednesday, hematuria was manifest, and remedies were pushed as fast as he could bear them. Loyal hearts and true wrestled in prayer for his life; but the patient's temperature rose steadily. "I felt," wrote the physician, "that the noble man was to be called to his reward."

Delirium came on. Attempts at prayer in English: "O God, help in this supreme hour,"

distinctly repeated at intervals. In conscious moments he charged his brethren to be firm; not to be afraid, but to push on. Turning to one of his watchers: "It has come to be the fashion to regard me as the representative of this interior work," (with an expressive gesture,) "I never liked it." Now he was preaching in Bulu: "Listen carefully, and we will tell you about Christ." Then, "praying much" for the work of the interior: "May good men never be wanting to carry it forward." Again, he is on the road, calling to his carriers in Mpŏngwĕ and battling with the obstacles of travel. And the fever did not yield.

Thursday, near noon, in a few moments of mental clearness, he sent his last messages. "In self-forgetful prayer" he commended his brethren to God, and asked for more laborers to the interior, and for himself preparation for death. All the afternoon, wild delirium—the last struggle of a strong vitality and abounding energy; but at evening a hush fell. The little sixteen by twenty-eight dwelling at Efulen was shaken with a tread more stately

than cathedral processional; for a messenger from the King of kings was at the door. As peacefully as a child falls asleep in his mother's arms, the Spirit returned to God.

"'A hut to die in!' Let me rest;
God bids me fall asleep;
Here lay my pillow down. This earth
My wearied bones shall keep.

"It is well that I die upon the field
Where I have lived and worked and fought;
I die upon my shield."

The Galwâ boys from the Ogowĕ were first to find out the truth, and, heathen fashion, were disposed to wail, but quieted at a word of warning. The tidings flew down the line of Bulu villages, and in the darkness a motley company of men and boys came straying up Efulen Hill and seated themselves on the ground, each on his piece of bark, within the radius of flickering light from a fire which was burning behind the house. They sent in a request to the missionaries to address them, and, overwrought though they were with nursing, excitement, and grief, they came out and spoke to an audience at the moment

strangely solemn and receptive. A funeral service was conducted next day in Bulu, Mpōngwĕ, and English; and, significant of the scope of Dr. Good's labors in Africa, his last "carriers" were two Galwâ, two Mpōngwĕ, and two Bulu men.

The spectacle of people who, a year before, would have cared nothing for a white man's death now coming by hundreds to express their sympathy, many of them with tears of sincerity in their eyes, was sufficient evidence of the faithfulness of their missionary among them, and that his efforts had not been thrown away.

Dr. Good died, like Hannington, at only thirty-eight[1] years of age. The one penetrat-

[1] The same year in which A. C. Good was appointed to Africa (1882–83), twenty-six other men were also commissioned by the same Board. Of that number, eight are still (1897) in active service; six labored among the North American Indians, averaging a term of four years and three months; the remaining twelve served abroad an average period of six years and three months. Dr. Good's missionary service was twelve years long—years of extraordinary exposure.

"Nelson's page in history," says the latest biographer of the great admiral, "covers a little more than twelve years." (See Mahan's "Life of Nelson," vol. i., p. 96.)

ing the continent from the west side, the other from the east, both moved forward towards the heart of Africa, and, valorously carrying the standard of the cross something nearer to its center, held it with their solitary graves. Let the army come up to the colors!

The last halting-ground of the pioneer in Bululand is on Efulen hilltop, overlooking towns to the south. It is encircled with a hedge of pineapple, and marked by a low bronze monument adapted to endure the climate. This was sent out by Montclair friends, and on it they caused to be engraved these words: "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

"Lo, I am with you alway" has been coming down the ages, and it came to the support of those five young servants of Jesus Christ left at Efulen. They were Ford, to whose ear the last messages were intrusted; Kerr, on whom it fell to make the coffin for his friend and counselor; Johnson, the good physician; Roberts, at the moment blind from African fever; and Fraser, just recovered from his first attack. There was no flinching

down that picket-line; a tightening on of the armor, rather.

"Those of us who stood at his bedside have promised not only Brother Good, but Him who gave us life and has the right to take it, that while strength and life last we will be faithful to our trust."[1] Their brief message, cabled to America, though weighted with sorrow was winged by courage: "Send more workers." A few young men, like-spirited with them, raised an answering signal and stepped out from the ranks of the church militant to join their brothers. More will follow. The second station is manned. Echoes from Dr. Good's instruction float back from all the forest paths.

One day in November, 1896, Dr. Johnson led two Bulu young men into the same little room where Dr. Good breathed his last, and, after a farewell prayer and words of counsel, "with emotion not to be described," he watched them march down the hill towards somewhat remote towns. These were the first witnesses, in their great tribe, to catch up

[1] Letter from Mr. Kerr.

the evangel which had reached their own hearts and attempt to pass it on. They were sent to give their testimony by the wish and at the charges of their own Bulu school-fellows. This was, therefore, the initiative of independent proclamation of the gospel by Bulu lips.

And so a new chord has been struck in the new song, and a voice dumb for nineteen Christian centuries begins to blend with the sound of many waters before the Throne. It is the prelude of the victory, when the glory of the King shall illuminate the farthest river town and darkest forest tribe, and, remembering all the travail of his soul, he shall be satisfied in the redemption of Africa.

APPENDIX A

THE SCIENTIFIC LABORS OF REV. A. C. GOOD, PH.D.

BY W. J. HOLLAND, LL.D., F.Z.S., ETC.,

CHANCELLOR OF THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

MY first acquaintance with Dr. Good was made during his senior year in the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny. Learning that he and two others of his class had accepted appointments to the foreign field, I invited the three young men to dine with me, and took occasion to call their attention to the important services which they might incidentally render to the cause of science in the remote regions which were destined to be the fields of their labors. One was going to China, another to Siam, and Mr. Good had accepted an appointment to the mission in West Africa.

I furnished them with some preliminary instructions to guide them in the work of collecting entomological specimens, and assured them of my readiness to aid them and to remunerate them for the efforts which they might make to enrich my entomological collections, the money which they would receive to be paid into the treasury of the Board if they should so elect.

The three remembered my request, and I received from them at different times collections of value. The Rev. Mr. Good, however, proved himself speedily to be the most deeply interested of the three, and during the entire time of his stay in West Africa, up to the time of his lamented death, he proved a most capable and intelligent collector.

I have no means of ascertaining the exact number of specimens which he gathered for me, but they aggregate many thousands. His collections were almost wholly confined to the *Lepidoptera* (butterflies and moths) and *Coleoptera* (beetles), although I received from him valuable specimens of birds and mammals, among the latter a magnificent specimen of a gorilla, skin and skeleton, which, mounted by Mr. F. S. Webster, is at present deposited in the Carnegie Museum in the city of Pittsburg.

Acting under my instructions, Mr. Good paid especial attention to working out the life-history of the *Lepidoptera* of West Africa, and I have in my possession a large number of manuscript notes, some few of which I have already published, and the remainder of which are still awaiting the time when I shall be able to render them justice. His collections of *Lepidoptera* have furnished the basis of a number of articles which have, from time to time, appeared in various scientific journals.

The principal articles based, in whole or in part, upon the collections of Mr. Good in this field are the following:

(1) "Contributions to the Knowledge of the Lepidoptera of West Africa." By W. J. Holland. *Transactions of the American Entomological Society*, vol. xiii., pp. 325–332, Plates VIII., IX., December, 1886.

(2) "Contributions to the Knowledge of the

Lepidoptera of West Africa." Part II. By W. J. Holland. *Transactions of the American Entomological Society*, vol. vi., pp. 55–70, Plates II., III., IV., February, 1889.

(3) "Description of New Species of African Hesperiidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, pp. 155, 156, December, 1890.

(4) "Description of New Species of African Hesperiidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, pp. 3–5, January, 1891.

(5) "Description of New West African Lycænidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Psyche*, vol. v., pp. 423–431, November, 1890.

(6) "Description of New West African Lycænidæ." Part II. By W. J. Holland. *Psyche*, vol. v., pp. 50–53, March, 1891.

(7) "The Life-History of Spalgis s-signata." By W. J. Holland. *Psyche*, vol. vi., pp. 201–203, Plate IV., 1892.

(8) "Notes upon the Transformation of Some African Lepidoptera." By W. J. Holland. *Psyche*, vol. vi., pp. 213–216, Plate V., 1892.

(9) "Description of Some New Species of African Lepidoptera." By W. J. Holland. *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, pp. 284–295, October, 1892.

(10) "The Genus Hollandia." By Arthur Gardner Butler. *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, October, 1892.

(11) "New Species of Neptis from Africa." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iii., pp. 248, 249, Plate IX., December, 1892.

(12) "Some New and Little-Known African Butterflies." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iv., pp. 22–27, Plate I., January, 1893.

(13) "Communal Cocoons, and the Moths Which Weave Them." By W. J. Holland. Annual Ad-

dress of the Retiring President of the Cambridge Entomological Club. *Psyche*, vol. vi., pp. 385–391, Plate IX., February, 1893.

(14) "New African Nyctemeridæ and Liparidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iv., pp. 59–62, Plate III., February, 1893.

(15) "New Genera and Species of West African Limacodidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iv., pp. 102–108, Plate VII., March, 1893.

(16) "Three New African Bombycids." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iv., pp. 136–138, Plate VIII., April, 1893.

(17) "New Species of West African Drepanulidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iv., pp. 171–180, Plate IX., May, 1893.

(18) "New Exotic Lepidoptera." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. iv., pp. 337–344, Plate XV., December, 1893.

(19) "Description of Four New West African Butterflies." By W. J. Holland. *Canadian Entomologist*, vol. xv., pp. 1–3, January, 1893.

(20) "Description of New Species and Genera of West African Lepidoptera." By W. J. Holland. *Psyche*, vol. vi., pp. 373–376, 393–400, 411–418, 431–434, 451–454, 469–476, 487–490, 513–520, 531–538, 549–552, 565–568, five plates, numerous cuts.

(21) "New and Undescribed Genera and Species of West African Noctuidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Psyche*, vol. vii., pp. 7–10, 27–34, 47–50, 67–70, 83–90 109–128, 141–144, Plates I.–V., 1894.

(22) "Four New Genera and Species of West African Sesiidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Journal, New York Entomological Society*, vol. i., pp. 181–184, 1894.

(23) "African Hesperiidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. v., pp. 26–31, one plate, January, 1894.

(24) "New West African Dysgoniidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. v., pp. 57–59, Plate V., February, 1894.

(25) "Some New and Little-Known African Hesperiidæ." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. v., pp. 89–95, Plate III., March, 1894.

(26) "Two New African Lycænids." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. vi., pp. 166–168, May, 1895.

(27) "Synonymic Catalogue of the Hesperiidæ of Africa." By W. J. Holland. *Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society*, London, pp. 1–107, Plates I.–V., January, 1896.

(28) "A New African Saturniid." By W. J. Holland. *Entomological News*, vol. vii., pp. 133–135, Plate VI., May, 1896.

(29) "Western Equatorial African Microlepidoptera." By Rt. Hon. Lord Walsingham. *Transactions of the Entomological Society*, London, pp. 33–67, Plates II., III., 1897.

In the twenty-nine papers which have thus far been published by various authors, principally by the writer, and which are founded almost wholly upon the collections of Dr. Good, five hundred and forty-seven species and seventy-two genera new to science are described, for the discovery of which we are indebted to him.

The collections made by Dr. Good have not yet been nearly exhausted, and there remain many species yet to be determined and characterized. It will be seen from this statement that he has probably added more largely to our knowledge of the insect forms of Africa than any other single collector who has labored in that field.

The *Coleoptera* collected by him aggregate several thousand species, and have as yet scarcely received any attention whatever, which is deeply to be re-

gretted, as these collections are singularly large and perfect.

When time shall have been found to work out fully the accumulated treasures amassed by the industry of Dr. Good, it is more than probable that he will have been found to have discovered over a thousand species new to science; and this labor was accomplished by him without in any way interfering with the strict performance of his duties as a Christian missionary. His work was largely that of direction, he having trained and employed young natives connected with the schools, who were taught to vigilantly search for specimens. Of course upon his lengthy journeys he never failed to carry with him his insect net and poison jar, and it was upon the occasion of these journeys that he succeeded in capturing many of the most interesting specimens which were forwarded to the writer.

It has sometimes been said that Christian missionaries are deficient in those qualities which make men eminently practical, and that they are blind to the things of the world about them. This certainly cannot be said of Dr. Good, and he is one of a great number of the servants of the church who, while faithfully attending to their ecclesiastical duties, have been promoters of true science.

Among the many curious discoveries made by Dr. Good was that of the carnivorous habits of the larvæ of a small West African butterfly belonging to the genus *Spalgis*. The caterpillar of this little creature feeds upon aphids, and is thus in its habits allied to a North American butterfly of rather rare occurrence, known to collectors as the Tarquin butterfly, *Feniseca Tarquinius*. At the time the discovery of the aphidivorous habits of this butterfly was announced by the writer, he called attention to the fact that the same habit was known to char-

acterize another species of the same genus, *Spalgis Epius*, which is found in southern India and Ceylon. In the "Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society," vol. viii., Mr. E. H. Aitken presented an account of *Spalgis Epius*, illustrating it by a reproduction of the plate given by the author in his original description of *Spalgis s-signata*, as well as by a plate of *Epius* itself. More remarkable, perhaps, than the carnivorous habits of these two obscure little butterflies is the singular resemblance presented by the chrysalis to the face of an ape, to which attention was called by Dr. Good. Nothing, perhaps, more grotesque or curious has been discovered in the animal kingdom; and many naturalists have written to the writer, protesting that his plate must have involved an exaggeration, which, however, is not the case.

The same ape-like face appears upon the chrysalis of the *Tarquinius* butterfly.

Another very interesting observation made by Dr. Good was upon the communal habits of certain caterpillars belonging to moths of the order *Liparidæ*. These caterpillars are gregarious, and when they come to the time of metamorphosis they weave for themselves a large outer cocoon of brown silk, in which they again construct, each one for itself, a smaller cocoon in which they undergo transformation into the chrysalis, and from which they ultimately emerge as moths. As many as one hundred moths emerge from one of these larger cocoons. Dr. Charles Coquerel, as early as 1854, described this phenomenon as observed in the case of a moth which is not uncommon in Madagascar. In 1885 Lord Walsingham published an elaborate article upon the subject in the "Transactions of the Linnean Society of London." The next addition to our knowledge of the subject was founded upon

the specimens collected by Dr. Good and as described in the paper numbered 13 in the foregoing list of papers. The writer ventures to predict that this communal habit will be found to characterize a large series of moths allied in structure to the genera *Anaphe* and *Œcura*.

Many interesting notes were made by Dr. Good upon the singular migrations made by swarms of tropical butterflies. Many writers have called attention to the great clouds of butterflies which are observed making migrations, but Dr. Good in his observations calls attention to the fact that these migrations appear in West Africa to frequently take the direction of the approaching rains at the opening of the rainy season, though the reverse is also occasionally true. Thousands of insects emerging from chrysalids seem to rise and hasten away in the direction of the rains, the coming of which is anticipated by all animate nature after the period of drought, which in the tropics takes the place of winter in latitudes nearer the poles.

In one of his journeys Dr. Good discovered, in Lake Onanga, an island tenanted by immense swarms of large bats, which hung during the heat of the day pendent from the branches of the trees, and in the evening and early morning were seen in vast swarms going forth and returning to their resting-place. Unfortunately, none of these bats were collected by him.

I might fill many pages with accounts given me, in letters and orally, by Dr. Good of the strange habits of the animals of the region in which he labored; but the few pages allotted to me in the preparation of this little volume forbid.

Dr. Good was a brave and skilful field naturalist, and in his death science sustained a genuine loss.

APPENDIX B

SUPERSTITIONS AND RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF EQUATORIAL WEST AFRICA, ESPECIALLY OF THE GALWÂ TRIBE

A PAPER BY A. C. GOOD, PH.D., 1893.

[*Condensed by the author of this volume.*]

IT seems as if Paul must have known the Galwâ of the Ogowĕ when he wrote Hebrews ii. 15: "Through fear of death . . . all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Clinging desperately to dear life in a world which he fancies is full of enemies, corporeal and spiritual, he is daily tortured with suspicion and superstitious fear. Every unexpected occurrence is an omen. Every unusual place or object harbors a spirit presumably hostile. He sees in every person who has anything to gain by his death or misfortune an enemy who is trying, by means of charms, incantations, or witchcraft, to work him harm.

These objects of dread, and the means employed to counteract their influence, fall into definable classes.

First, I will mention the Abambo (singular,

Ibambo), or spirits of the dead. They abide in a state of weakness and monotonous misery in Ilombo, which is at times spoken of as a place much like the old Greek Hades, at other times as if a state, for Abambo are thought to hover about the place where the body is buried, and are free to return to this world to harm or help.

These spirits are not indiscriminate in their attentions. They make no new acquaintances among the living, and so a stranger to one in life has no fear of the same after death. A wife, a slave, a child, or any person of whom one was not afraid in life is not feared as an Ibambo. The passions and feelings that influenced men in this life are supposed to animate their disembodied spirits. For example, a man may dislike his prospective heir and say, "I don't want you to inherit anything from me." His saying so will not hinder the person from taking the share allotted to him by custom, but he has no peace of mind afterwards. He has horrid dreams. He sees the spirit of his dead ancestor coming to him with angry face and threatening gestures. So he kills a goat or fowl, prepares food, and sets it by the grave of the dead man. He has now made reparation. His conscience is easy and he dreams no more. The spirit may henceforth become his ally. Those who inherit with the good will of the spirit also see him in dreams, but always as a friend. They, too, make offerings of food to his skull or at the grave, thinking to secure protection in any enterprise they undertake.

These spirits are especially dreaded where we would least expect it. A wife who was not liked by her husband has little to fear from him after his death. He has had enough of her. But the favorite wife is in great dread. As he loved her in this world, he will miss her in Ilombo, and will try

to cause her death that he may have her with him. The same with a favorite slave on whom his master greatly depended in this world. Such persons at once paint or mark their bodies with certain powders prepared by a medicine man, that will make it impossible for the spirit of the dead person to recognize them. If they are taken with illness, it is the dead husband or master; or in a dream they see him calling for them. At once they give up all hope, and often die, every such case strengthening the Galwâ's belief in the reality and power of these Abambo.

Another proof which the Galwâ cites of the existence of such spirits is the nightmare. As he is quietly sleeping he is suddenly seized by some invisible, intangible object, which holds him down so that he cannot move or speak. At length he manages to free himself and yells at the top of his voice, when the spirit flies. It is a dead relative probably, but no matter. He loads the offending ghost with the most fearful curses: "Die a second death"; "May you get into an endless swamp" or "fall into a lake of *njogolo*" (a plant growing in still water, covering the surface with leaves, and rendering swimming impossible, but offering no support to the swimmer).

It has been claimed that all this is not belief in the immortality of the soul, but only in ghosts. Captain Burton is quoted as saying, "The negroes believe in a ghost, but not in a spirit; in a present immaterial, but not in a future." Du Chaillu says, speaking of the Nkâmi, whose customs and beliefs are almost exactly those of the Galwâ: "Ask the negro where is the spirit of his great-grandfather. He says he does not know; it is done. Ask him about the spirit of his father who died yesterday; then he is full of fear and terror."

Certainly the negro does not, in thought, go beyond the ghost to the abstract idea of spirit. He has no abstract word "color," but only names for separate colors. He has no proper word for "spirit," but he believes in at least three classes of invisible, incorporeal beings. The Galwâ will say that the spirit of his great-grandfather "is done," by which he means no longer appears in dreams to the living. But the chief of that same man's village, when sickness or trouble comes, prays for help to the Abambo, not of those recently dead only, but especially to "the spirits of long ago."

Next to the Abambo we may place the Imbwiry (singular, Ombwiry). These are not the spirits of dead men. As to their origin, possibly the original idea was that every natural object,—tree, rock, hill, —every body of water, was the embodiment of a spirit more or less powerful according to the object in which it resides. The Galwâ only thinks of the Imbwiry as inhabiting objects and places about which there is something fearful or phenomenal— an unusually large vine, a whirlpool, a huge elephant, a dark ravine, a precipice, etc. This is not pantheism, or anything like it. A large tree where a powerful Ombwiry has for years been worshiped is cut down by people of another tribe who do not believe in this particular superstition. You ask the Galwâ why those people have, unharmed, destroyed the home of their Ombwiry, and they say that tribe has a powerful fetish which has proved too strong for the spirit so long dreaded by themselves. "Where is the Ombwiry that so long lived in that tree?" "He is gone; we do not know where."

These spirits may be won over to befriend men by suitable offerings, but are easily offended, and when angry are able to produce every species of misfortune, even death. Their anger is often in-

curred unconsciously. Where one had no thought of there being an Ombwiry, he does something disrespectful to the spirit of the place,—walking carelessly by is enough,—and soon after is taken ill. A medicine man is called, who informs him of what he now learns for the first time—that that place harbors an Ombwiry, which he has offended. The doctor, for a consideration, of course, prepares a suitable libation, which he pours out to the spirit of the place, and the matter is settled. It is worthy of remark that offerings to the Imbwiry are never, as in the case of the Abambo, food, but always a preparation of roots, leaves, etc., of the nature of a fetish. The workings of this superstition are extremely absurd and to the white man often vexatious. On a certain hill no garden can be made. A piece of ground cannot be cleared because of some vine or tree inhabited by one of these spirits. The white man hears of some natural curiosity which he wishes to see, but, ten to one, no one will show him the way for fear of offending the spirit of the place.

In passing, I must refer to a form of service rendered alike by both these classes of spirits. There are certain men and women, whom I will call doctors for want of a better name, who are in league with one or the other of these classes of invisible beings. When some one is ill, or thinks his luck has deserted him, he calls either an Abambo or an Imbwiry doctor and asks what is wrong. All the family are called together. A small house is built in the street, in which the doctor arranges his fetishes and performs his incantations. Drums are beaten by the men, the women sing, the doctor dances and goes through mysterious ceremonies; sometimes he pretends to go into a trance or ecstatic state. This goes on all night, sometimes three or

four nights. All this is necessary to diagnose the case. At last the spirit responds, and the doctor's announcement is ready. The sick man has offended an Ombwiry and must make an offering. Or he has been quarreling with some member of his family; he must make peace and supplicate the offended dead. Or he is bewitched, and they must find the witch. No form of initiation is necessary to become a doctor, only enough shrewdness to swindle a very stupid public.

One of the chief functions of the office of chief is to make supplications to the Abambo of the tribe and to the Imbwiry of the neighborhood. Just at dusk he goes with his sacred bell into the bush behind the town, and there offers a real prayer for protection and help on behalf of the whole village.

But most to be dreaded of all the malign influences that conspire to make a Galwâ's life uncertain are the Anyemba, or witches.

Some men are supposed to have the power of "going out" from their bodies during sleep; i.e., their invisible part, or Inyemba, has this power, and may go even long distances to "eat" those whom they wish to injure. This "eating" is not, of course, corporeal. The Inyemba eats of its enemy that which corresponds to itself, i.e., the spiritual part. After being thus "eaten" the body seems intact, but bad luck, sickness, or death is likely to follow sooner or later. The *ignis fatuus* hovering over a swamp, the meteor flashing across the sky, are such Anyemba on their way to "eat" an enemy. To defend themselves against witchcraft, the Galwâ have a complicated system of fetishes and ceremonies which secure the protection of certain friendly spirits called Ilŏgŏ. These often mortally wound the witches that come to harm their patrons.

A long article would be the result if I attempted to go into the details of this branch of African superstition. Suffice it to say that every sickness, every misfortune, is presumptive evidence that the sufferer has an enemy who is working him harm; and that enemy is presumably a member of his clan or family, some one who has reason to be jealous of him, or something to gain by his death or misfortune. Perhaps it is his wife who seeks to free herself that she may marry another; a brother who will inherit his property and wives; or it is a rival aspirant for rank in the tribe. Remembering this, imagine, if you can, the suspicion, the angry crimination and recrimination within the family and tribe, that must arise from this fearful superstition.

These are samples, not a summary, of the superstitions of this one tribe, and even this outline is very incomplete. There remain several systems (?) of belief and practice which I can only name. There is Okwy, a fraud practised by the men on the women to keep them in their proper sphere; there is Njĕmbĕ, practised almost exclusively by women; and Bweti, in which an image is set up, before which men dance and worship. This last seems to be true idolatry as distinguished from fetishism. These last two have been introduced among the Galwâ in recent times by their slaves, brought down from the interior.

An outline of African superstition would be incomplete without a brief account of fetishism. What is a fetish? It may be anything—pieces of food, of human bones, bark, snakes' teeth, leaves, roots, etc. A fetish is usually a mixture of such objects, the exact composition of which is some man's secret. But it must not be understood that the African chooses at random and calls any object a fetish. It looks so to us; his reasoning seems

absurd and fantastic; but to these grown-up children their fetishism seems profound wisdom. The fetish is not of any value in itself; i.e., it is not from his fetish that a man expects to obtain help, but from some animal or spirit with which his fetish brings him into mysterious connection. Among the Galwâ there are fetishes supposed to secure to their owner the protection of the Imbwiry, others of the Abambo, others, again, of the Ilŏgŏ.

There are also fetishes to animals, to certain insects, even to weeds. A man makes or buys a fetish to a certain tree. It contains a piece of the bark of that tree, or of another tree of that kind. Having chosen that tree as his ally, he must not cut down or injure any of that species, or his fetish will no longer help him, may even turn against him. Does he, then, think of the trees of a given species as sentient beings? The better educated among the Galwâ usually answer the above question affirmatively, but so hesitatingly that I am not convinced. Among the uneducated, who alone continue to practise fetishism, I can find no clear ideas as to the philosophy of their fetishism. The modern Galwâ's reasoning is near the surface of things.

A chief of small influence looks about him for some means of increasing his power. He notices a certain kind of tree which grows to an enormous size, overtopping all its neighbors. "Surely," he says, "that tree has the secret of greatness"; and so he makes a fetish to that tree. Or he sees how many bees are in a bee-tree and how they multiply. So he makes a fetish to the bees, that his town may become as populous as the bee-tree. The leopard is the strongest beast of prey known to the Galwâ. A man wishes to engage in trade, so he makes a fetish to the leopard, that he may be among men

what the leopard is among animals in the forest. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. Hardly a tree or plant, bird or fish, beast or insect, that has not some quality which some man tries to acquire for himself by means of a fetish. There are trade fetishes, fetishes to help a man secure a wife, fetishes for oratory, love-charms, hunting fetishes, and fetishes innumerable for the prevention and cure of disease. If a man wants success of any sort, the one thing he never thinks of is working for it or deserving it; not he! Why should he, when for a small sum he can purchase a fetish that will give him his desire by its magic influence, and leave him to loaf and lounge in blissful idleness?

One other fetish deserves mention—the life fetish. A doctor prepares a mixture into which he puts some of his patron's hair, finger-nails, etc. This is carried to some lonely spot in the deep forest and hidden in a hollow tree, or it is taken by night and sunk in the deepest part of the river. Then the man thinks he is safe, for his life is hidden in that fetish where no enemy can find it.

Fetishism is not worship, and fetishes are not gods. Though he has a separate name for each, the Galwâ calls both the dose which the white man gives him to drink and the charm he wears about his neck or hangs above the door of his hut by the same general name, "medicine." He buys a fetish just as a sick person buys a patent medicine. If he recovers from sickness or is successful in trade, the reputation of the fetish is increased. But often the contrary is true. Then the person of whom he bought it explains, "The fetish is all right, but it *does not like you.*" In that case he never thinks of abusing it, as if it had personality. He simply throws it away, and tries another and another, just

as a confirmed invalid will throw aside as useless, one after another, several kinds of medicine.

This is a very imperfect outline of the superstitions of one African tribe. It is, with slight variations in details, an outline of those of all Equatorial West Africa, if not all pagan Africa. I say "superstitions," because we have here no religious ideas, in any proper sense of the term. To none of these spirits which he fears and seeks to placate does the Galwâ attribute creative power. He never thinks of them as having special influence on his condition after death. In all his incantations, fetishism, worship, and supplication of spirits there is not one thought of preparation for a future world, only an intense desire to keep out of that next world as long as possible. Yet these superstitions are what most writers on Africa have called the "religion" of this country. But if we stop here we shall have a very imperfect view of their religious ideas.

In addition to this mask of superstition, the Galwâ has a distinct idea of a Deity, the Maker and Preserver of all things. Ask any man, woman, or child among them, "Who made all things?" and without a moment's hesitation he will reply, "Anyambiĕ." Ask him, "Who is the Creator of all men, the Author of life and death?" and while the question is in that general form he will reply, "Anyambiĕ." True, all his superstitious practices are inconsistent with such a belief, but that does not in the least disturb him.

It will be asserted (indeed, has been by some who could not reconcile the existence of such an idea with their preconceived notions) that these views of Anyambiĕ have been introduced by missionaries and are no part of the indigenous religious thought of Africa. That such is not the case it will be easy

to prove; not only so, but as a result of contact with white men there is a strong tendency in the opposite direction.

Anyambiĕ is become little more than a name. He is now seldom or never addressed in prayer. There is little thought among the Galwâ of to-day of God's hatred of wickedness, or that he may in extreme cases punish sin. Before missionaries came among them, fifteen years ago, the Galwâ were certainly in a fair way to lose all intelligence of Deity, and might in time have lost even the name; but the religious thought of the Galwâ of long ago has been enshrined in the classics of the language, and it is to these we appeal for proof of what is here asserted. There is still available, though likely soon to be forever lost, a vast store of unwritten lore, handed down from a remote past, in traditions, songs, salutations, proverbs, fables, and stories, most of which are older than the advent of the first whites on this coast, and simply cannot have been in any way influenced by them. The fables are too long and too fanciful to be quoted here. Most of their songs are borrowed from other tribes, or are so old that the language is no longer intelligible even to themselves. A few, however, can be readily understood, and bear on this question. As we should expect, it is their proverbs which deal most with morals and religion, and from these we get our clearest glimpses of religious thought, not of the Africa of to-day, but of Africa before she ever knew a white race.

One use of Galwâ proverbs is peculiar. Every chief appropriated one as his individual salutation. A neighbor meeting him would greet him by repeating a part of said proverb, and he would reply by finishing it. Each chief is usually named after some ancestor of note, and in most cases adopts his

proverb as his salutation or motto. Thus these proverbs have followed family names from a remote past. It is surprising how frequently they take a religious turn; after collecting a large number of them, I cannot resist the conclusion that ancestors of the Galwâ were in a true sense a religious people.

I shall cite a number of these salutations, proverbs, and songs, but in doing so I must regret that they cannot be read in the original. The pith and conciseness of statement are hopelessly lost in a translation.

SALUTATIONS.—*Address.* There is no fetish of life (that can give life). *Reply.* Fetish only Anyambiĕ. (I.e., Only God can give life.)

Address. Death knows (has) no doctor. *Answer.* Doctor only God. (Equal to above.)

Address. Anyambiĕ having done (decreed). *Answer.* There is no doctor. (I.e., No medicine can avail where God has decided.)

Address. Do not ridicule me. *Answer.* Anyambiĕ. (I.e., Do not ridicule me, for God made me what you see me.)

Address. Anyambiĕ forgets no one. *Answer.* All of us. (Meaning all of us will be called by death.)

Salutation. Pray Anyambiĕ, or, I beseech thee, Anyambiĕ. The person addressed repeats the same words, and adds: Do not kill me till I first eat this plantain my wife has planted after it has ripened. (I.e., Spare me to eat this plantain, which will not be grown for six or eight months.)

PROVERBS.—Anyambiĕ is planted in the mouth. (That is, one having reproved another who has been behaving badly, and his reproof not being well received, he leaves him with the above proverb.)

The young palm that Anyambiĕ has made, even though an elephant break it down, it will become a full-grown palm.

Songs.—A drinking-song: Oh, drink! the day that I return to Anyambiĕ, there will be two items of news (lit., the news will be double). This song is so old that, like a pebble on a wave-swept beach, it has been worn out of all grammatical form; but those who use it explain it thus: Oh, drink! for when I die the news to be talked over will be not simply that So-and-so has died, but what a great man I was. Modern Galwâ thought never composed that song, for they no longer retain the thought of returning to God at death.

Another is sung when a new chief is installed. Old form: *Pend' Anyambiĕ Avila tow 'agĕngĕ*—Authority (of king) comes from God out of the far-off heaven.

Miscellaneous Sayings.—A bad man dies. Everybody remarks: Anyambiĕ has reproved him, as he deserved. One dies, not from wounds or under suspicion of witchcraft. They say: He died, or was killed, by the war of Anyambiĕ. (Exactly equivalent to the old verdict, "Died by the hand of God.")

I heard of one old Galwâ man, who died not long ago, who addressed all his petitions to Anyambiĕ. A violent mourner was quieted by saying, Anyambiĕ has taken him. This did not indicate a spirit of submission. Dissatisfaction with God's decree was often ill suppressed, but, after diligent inquiry, I am unable to learn that any one ever dared to break out into open abuse of Anyambiĕ.

When a cloud hid the sun, but at its edge showed a spot of unusual brightness, the old Galwâ said, The throne (chair) of Anyambiĕ is there.

Of an infant smiling in its sleep they say: He is playing with Anyambiĕ.

A species of dragon-fly may be seen in swarms flying aimlessly about a given spot the whole of a sunny afternoon. The old Galwâ called them

Anyambiĕ's slaves. Go and serve Anyambiĕ, is a curse. Tell a man to "serve God," and he will angrily say: "You want to kill me, do you?" A man who goes about aimlessly or on a journey which turns out to be useless is said to go *Egĕnd' Anyambiĕ*, an expression which looks as if it ought to mean "a journey (or going) for God." So the phrase for "talking nonsense" looks as if it ought to mean "speaking to (of or for) God." I venture a probable explanation of these expressions. The infant smiles at nothing in this world; therefore it must be at something invisible. The Galwâ cannot see why a man should walk when he could as well sit, or the dragon-fly fly when it could as well be at rest, as it seems to have no object in flying. As he can think of no other reason, it must be carrying out some purpose of Anyambiĕ, and is his slave. That telling a man to serve God is equivalent to telling him to die suggests that there was an old idea according to which the dead went to serve God. But evidently the idea was not relished; it meant giving up the good things of life. Of a sick person for whom there is no hope of recovery it is said: "There remains for him only to serve Anyambiĕ."

I will only refer, further, to the names of persons and towns, which often include the word "Anyambiĕ": e.g., when the Nkâmi tribe emerged from the interior and built their first town on the coast, near Fernan Vaz, and at last got a ship to stop and buy slaves of them, they called the name of the place Anyambiĕ, as if God had helped them to get the trade they had so long sought. All such names were given in recognition of some striking providence. Examples are: Anyambiĕ does; Anyambiĕ sees; Anyambiĕ tries (men); Anyambiĕ cannot be fled from. What do these examples prove?

1. Clearly, these people have a distinct idea of an invisible Being to whom they refer the creation and, perhaps less clearly, government of the world.

2. He is unhesitatingly declared to be the Author of life, and evidently in the old days was regarded as the Author of death. A rank growth of superstition has nearly choked out this latter idea.

3. Some proverbs and sayings seem to prove that long ago this Creator and Governor of the world was thought to have some regard for the conduct of his creatures and sometimes visited exceptional wickedness with punishment.

4. They seem to have once had an idea that at death men "returned" to God. No trace of such belief can be found among them now, except in songs and proverbs of the past.

5. A comparison of modern Galwâ thought with ideas clearly embodied in the quotations above proves, it seems to me, that in recent times lower superstitions have grown at the expense of these higher forms of belief. The African is illogical, but a people so superstitious as the Galwâ, and all their neighbors, could never have evolved the really exalted ideas of Deity indicated in some of these sayings. Their theism has grown dimmer and dimmer; a gross superstition has gradually taken its place. Not because it ever occurred to the Galwâ that the two were inconsistent, but because it is an intellectual impossibility to perpetually attribute the same result to two different causes; one or the other must finally usurp the whole field.

Instead of this idea of a divine Being having been introduced by white men, exactly the opposite is the truth. The Galwâ, before the first gun or piece of cloth ever reached them, were low savages, but they had a settled form of government and stringent laws and social customs. Trade came. The

king at first had a monopoly of this; but soon energy began to tell, and others became almost as rich as the king. Then a growing ambition led to a contest for the succession, and the tribe was divided into two towns. These soon subdivided, until to-day there are nearly as many chiefs, or kings, as there are families. A craze for wealth and power has taken possession of the whole people, and, under this stimulus, belief in fetishes which doubtless always existed, has grown by leaps and bounds. Had the missionary not appeared on the scene, the idea of a supreme Creator and Ruler of the universe was likely to be lost, though doubtless the name would have survived for a long time.

Africa has no temples where Anyambiĕ is worshiped; no sacrifices are made or libations poured out to him; but it will not do to claim that therefore there is here no idea of such a Being.

Whatever I have said of the Galwâ applies equally to all Mpōngwĕ-speaking peoples—the Nkâmi, Orungu, Mpōngwĕ, etc. I do not speak for the whole continent, but inquiries which I have been enabled to prosecute lead me to suspect that the Galwâ idea of a Supreme Being is held substantially all over pagan Africa. I have found it in various tribes north of Kameruns Mountain, among peoples whose languages have no affinity with those of the Bantu family.

[Citation of numerous different names given to the Supreme Being by the Benga, the Kombé, Mabeya, Fâng, Yoruba, various tribes in Kameruns and on the Congo, are omitted by the author.]

. . . Here, then, we have a series of names for Deity, evidently of common origin, used by tribes widely separated and differing in language and customs. How came they by this common root, expressing a common idea? The idea must have

existed when all these tribes were one and before these widely differing languages began their growth. The present tendency is for the idea to die out, and before trade brought peoples together there was almost no communication between different tribes in this part of Africa. The reasonable explanation seems to me that when the ancestors of all these tribes were one people and spoke one language they had an idea of a Supreme Being, whom they called Nzam or Nyam or Nyambe, and that, as the original family broke up and separated, these names grew up from an original root. If so, Africa had a highly spiritual conception of Deity for a thousand years, at least.

One more curious fact which will, it seems to me, serve to emphasize the persistence and ancient lineage of this root "Nyam" or "Nzam." In a number of cases we have complex or compound names for Deity.

[The author omits Dr. Good's citation of examples in several languages.]

Some form of our familiar root always begins the formula. Among the Akĕlĕ and Śyeki the second phrase is never mentioned unless they are pressed by questions. In all these series the important name is the first, Nzam (etc.). *He* is Deity; the other is his father. The second phrase is not derived, like the first name, from a common root, but indicates a local, though not recent, origin.

But why is the second person always introduced as "father," not "son," of Nzam? Because, in the immemorial tradition of all these tribes, Nzam (etc.) created, or gave birth to, the first man or men, and so the series was closed there. But looking backward, there was an infinite gap. God was the Father of men, but who was the father of God? That question is asked to-day, and I have little

doubt that these series of names for Deity are so many local attempts to answer that question. This explains why the names superadded to the ancient root have so little importance. Anyambiĕ having made the world and men and animals, there remains no sphere to be assigned to another, except to be father or grandfather of the Creator.

[Amplification under this head, by comparison of tribal differences in reckoning genealogy, is omitted.]

It seems to me these facts prove conclusively that the people of Equatorial West Africa are not, as so many have claimed, only fetish-worshipers who have no idea of Deity. Not that those higher religious ideas have any influence on their l ves and character. I know of no tribe in Africa whose theism makes them any better or happier, or who render to their acknowledged Creator any true worship or service. But that does not prove that they have no idea of God. The same is true of thousands in America who would feel insulted if called atheists.

But it seems to me that, in view of the facts, those who have written of the origin of religion must reconstruct their theories. If religious development begins with blank atheism, and advances by steps, of which fetishism is one of the lowest and theism the last and highest step, why have our African fetish-worshipers these ideas of Deity, which, by the theory, they should have gained only through millenniums of evolution?

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